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THE TREASURY-OFFICER'S WOOING.

BY CECIL LOWIS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE fact that, while two is company, three is none, can nowhere be more pitilessly demonstrated than on horseback, when one of the three concerned is a lady and always able, by virtue of her side-saddle, to turn her back on one of her two attendant cavaliers without offence. Such was the galling discovery that Waring made during the ride that he took in company with Ethel and Heriot three days after his arrival in Tatkin. As he jogged along on his wiry Burman pony (an ex-racer with a remarkable turn of speed), he had ample leisure to wonder why, in the name of fortune, he had been asked, and with such a show of graciousness, to join the couple who rode together, now in front of, now behind, and now beside him, as the exigencies of the path permitted, but at all times, it seemed, equally oblivious of his presence except on the rare occasions when Ethel, realising with a sudden pang of conscience that she and Heriot were not alone, addressed a fugitive remark to him which only served to render his isolation all the more pronounced. Had he been more versed in the ways and wiles of womankind he would, without hesitation, have characterised Miss Smart's action as an attempt, and an unsuc-

cessful one, to play him off against Heriot; and, in so doing, he would have fallen into grievous error, for, as is frequently the case with large-hearted young women, it was a multiplicity of motives, many of them far more disinterested than her female friends would have given her credit for, which had urged the Deputy-Commissioner's sister to invite the recluse of Minmyo to form the superfluous third at her riding-party. As it was, however, Waring, to whom the workings of the feminine mind were a sealed book, made no attempt to assign reasons for what Miss Smart had been pleased to do; he only marvelled that he should be where he was, and resolved that, as he was there, he would not be deterred from carrying out the main object of his ride, which was to see that no harm came to Ethel on her pony.

It was not till the ride was drawing to a close, and the roofs of Tatkin had risen once more into sight, that Waring began to feel himself drawn into the current of talk that had been rippling around him. Ethel and Heriot had for some little time been engaged in an animated discussion as to the possibility of starting golf in the station, and the chances the game (which had just been introduced into Upper Burmah) had of being patronised; and their taciturn companion

was now appealed to, first for his views on these weighty questions, and afterwards for his decision as to which of the many favourable sites in the vicinity would be best suited for the links.

"I should think one could get some very decent links about where we are now," he observed in answer to the latter question. They had halted for a moment to consider the lie of the land and Waring's opinion was hazarded with some diffidence, for his conception of the requirements of the royal and ancient game was, like that of the majority of Upper Burmans at that time, decidedly hazy.

"Too far from the station," was Heriot's pronouncement. "No one would take the trouble to come out here for a game."

"You mean you wouldn't, I suppose, Mr. Heriot," laughed Ethel, shaking a sunny head at the Forest-Officer. "I'm sure any person who was really keen on the game would be only too glad to come and play here. It's not really so very far, is it, Mr. Waring?"

"No, not very; but there are heaps of places where one could start ladies' links on the jail-side very much nearer than this, if that would do," said Waring, who had seen the ladies' links at Rangoon and felt that here at any rate he was on tolerably safe ground.

"But I don't think," he added, "that there are any bunkers there, though of course——" and at that point he stopped, for it suddenly came over him that perhaps ladies' links did not require what he vaguely conceived to be an essential of the game.

"Oh, never mind the bunkers; we'll do without bunkers," exclaimed Ethel cheerfully. "It will make it so much easier."

"Or look upon the jail as one," said Heriot. "Very well, let's make a beginning with ladies' links close

to the station, so that no stumbling-block may be put in the way of the weaker brethren,—those who are not so keen as Miss Smart—in which category, by the way, you would appear to include me, Miss Smart."

"That I certainly do," replied the girl.

"What makes you think I'm not keen on golf?"

"I can't imagine you keen on anything in this wide world; can you, Mr. Waring?"

"I've seen him keen enough on polo at times," said Waring the cautious.

"He certainly plays hard enough when once he's started," admitted Ethel, "but I wouldn't call him an enthusiastic player, Mr. Waring, would you?"

"How do you know how I play?" interposed Heriot. "You're never on the ground till near the end of the last chucker."

"Oh, Mr. Heriot, how can you? I've been round often and often just after you have begun. It was only the day before yesterday that I was late. I know the play of all of you by this time."

"Do you really! then how do you think Waring plays? They say he funks terribly."

"Mr. Waring plays very nicely," answered Ethel, with a smile at the individual referred to; "better than you, I should think. But do you know, I don't think either of you play so well as Captain Pym."

"Oh, Pym's an exceptional player," exclaimed Waring. "You won't find a man that can come near Pym in Upper Burmah."

"To us poor mortals Captain Pym's play is a revelation," said Heriot. "But to return to golf; you haven't told me yet why you think I'm not keen on golf."

"I've told you I don't think you

can be keen on anything," replied Ethel. "You seem to have no enthusiasm, no zeal of any kind,—unless it is for smoking cigarettes."

"You are giving me a shocking character, Miss Smart," returned Heriot, who had drawn out his silver case and was feeling for his match-box. "You are quite wrong, all the same, though. I'm not demonstrative, like that shallow chap Waring there, but I have my feelings. I can live in the future as well as in the present. I assure you I am looking forward with the keenest delight to solacing my declining years with golf. I can imagine myself, a dear old gentleman of seventy or thereabouts, being wheeled down to the links in my bath-chair and doddering round with some octogenarian crony whom I fondly think I can give points to. But I will not, no, I will not consent to be dragged out three miles from the station in the heat of a tropical afternoon when I can get my game nearer home."

"Three miles! You surely don't call this three miles from the station? Why I don't think it's more than one," cried Ethel. "I do believe I could canter home in five minutes from here; in fact I'm sure I could. Come along, Mr. Waring, we'll try. You can follow when you've finished lighting your cigarette, Mr. Heriot."

She turned her pony's head homewards and darted off; Waring swung round after her, and Heriot was left by the road-side in a gathering cloud of blue tobacco-smoke. He was lighting his cigarette very leisurely; he, at any rate, was not going to exert himself unnecessarily.

It was a matter of a few seconds for Waring's swift little pony to catch up Ethel's mount, which was pounding along with neck extended and ears well back, and for a moment his bay forged ahead. A cry from Ethel,

"Oh, please don't go so fast," caused him to tighten his rein, and he had already changed his pace from a canter to a trot when his companion's pony clattered past him at a hand-gallop, and, before he had fully realised the situation, steed and rider were some twenty or thirty yards in front of him. Through the dust he could see that Ethel was in difficulties; she was sitting back, sawing with both hands at her pony's mouth, but the defiant wagging of the dun's neck showed that it had no intention of knuckling under to a plain snaffle. The beast was completely out of the girl's control, and Waring could see that it was bolting straight for the station and its stable. He caught a flashing glimpse of a white face turned back to him as he dug the spurs into his pony's side, and even while he rose to its first startled forward leap, there crossed his mind, like an uncomfortable dream, the recollection of an accident that had happened to a native policeman, a few months back, under circumstances like the present. The excitement of the chase stirred his blood, but through all the angry throbbing of his brain he could only think how vividly the pale face that he had for a brief second seen conjured up the memory of another face,—the face at the end of the long limp body he had once helped to lift up from where it had fallen below the low stable-eaves, the skull fractured against the woodwork, a sickening, unrecognisable mass.

He was almost level with her by the time they had reached the knot of native huts outside the Civil Lines, where the inhabitants scuttled nimbly to left and right; but the sound of his pony's hoofs behind stirred the dun to redoubled effort and for a hundred yards or so it nearly succeeded in shaking its pursuer off. In the end, however, blood and training

told; the bay drew up hand over hand, and as they flew past the Court-House, one of the outermost buildings of the Station, Waring leaned forward and outward in his saddle and had the satisfaction of feeling the fingers of his right hand clutch and tighten round the dun's bridle. They were close to the Military Police Lines by this time, and a second later they were racing along between the bamboo palisades of the Station compounds. Already the long row of low-roofed stables loomed ahead of them. For the twinkling of an eye Waring raised his head to see the course they were taking. It was all he dared allow himself, the next moment he was straining at the dun's head and with his left hand trying to pull his own pony in, but on neither of the steeds, now galloping neck to neck, was any effect produced. The bay was by this time as excited as Ethel's pony, and with one hand Waring was quite unable to hold it back. They were only fifty yards off the stables now, and a few more strides would sweep them under a labyrinth of treacherous overhanging eaves. There was no time to warn Ethel of the risk she ran. Only one course was left open to Waring. Letting go with his left hand of his own reins, he made one clutch with it at the dun's mane and slid off his own pony. In a moment he was swept off his feet by the onward rush of Ethel's mount, but he clung desperately on. The pony almost fell, recovered itself, plunged forward, stopped with a jerk, and Waring found himself standing at its head, hatless, with torn riding-breeches and dredged from head to foot with a thick layer of dust, while half a dozen tall Sikh policemen clustered round, zealous in their offers to help to hold the pony and assist Ethel to dismount.

She sprang to the ground and faced him, a little pale, it is true, but with a smile that showed she had not realised a tithe of the risk she had run. "Good gracious, Mr. Waring, you are in a state!" she exclaimed. "I am so very sorry. I do hope you are not hurt,—your poor clothes!"

"Oh, I'm not hurt, thanks," he replied. His first act, after being assured of Ethel's safety, was to signal to two of the policemen to lead the panting ponies to the stables, his next to pull out his handkerchief and to begin dusting himself aimlessly. "No more are you, I hope," he added looking up between the flicks at her. "It was a nasty jar and must have shaken you up a good deal. You'd better let one of these men bring you out a chair to sit down upon."

"No thanks; I'm not in the least shaken, only a little frightened. It's not nice being bolted with like that. What a horrid brute! You were quite right, Mr. Waring; Captain Pym had no business to lend me such a bolter. But whatever made you jump off your pony? I'm sure mine would have stopped almost directly."

"Perhaps; I wanted to make quite sure, though," said Waring, gruffly working with his handkerchief at his left shoulder-blade. Though still rather dazed, he had his wits sufficiently about him to see the necessity of keeping from her how great her danger had been; and he felt devoutly thankful that her knowledge of the languages of India was slight when he perceived that one of the policemen who remained loitering about after the ponies had been led away, had taken upon himself to recall to memory the almost parallel case of the lamented Bugwan Singh, and to point out to his companions, with much circumstance, the spot where that luckless Asiatic's cranium had left its impress on the stable-eaves a few yards from where

the runaway had been brought to a standstill.

"You'd better come along to the house, Miss Smart," he said, catching Ethel's eye fixed with interest on the speaker as he stood and gesticulated under the low roof. "You really must be a bit shaken. I'm afraid you will feel the reaction directly."

"I don't think I'm nearly as much shaken as you are," she made reply. "At any rate," she added, with a nervous little laugh, "I'm not in such a terrible mess. I really must dust you a little more. There, that's very much better," she continued after a deft application of her *chowry*¹ to the back of his jacket. "Are they fetching your hat, by the way? Ah yes, I see, here it comes. It's very bad for you to be standing bare-headed in the sun; put my handkerchief over your head till the man gets here with your hat. Here comes Mr. Heriot at last."

The Forest-Officer approached with his usual unruffled composure. He must have seen from a distance the fast-gathering crowd collected round his two dismounted companions, but there was nothing to show that he had stirred his pony out of the deliberate trot which experience had taught him was not incompatible with the thorough enjoyment of a cigarette. He gazed at Waring without emotion. "Had a spill, old man?" he enquired. "What has Waring been doing, Miss Smart, trying acrobatic feats on his pony?"

"Oh, it's nothing," said Waring curtly; and Ethel added, "Poor man, he's made himself in a horrid mess jumping off his pony to stop mine! It bolted, you know."

"Ah," said Heriot gazing round him through his scrupulously adjusted eye-glass, "very near the stables,—

looks as if you had both been trying to emulate the example of Bugwan Singh of pious memory."

"Tell me, who is Bugwan Singh?" cried Ethel. "Every one seems to be speaking of Bugwan Singh. That tall man over there in a red *puggree* has been doing nothing the last few minutes but talk about a Bugwan Singh."

"Bugwan Singh was a Military Policeman," said Heriot, ignoring Waring's warning glance, "and once upon a time poor Bugwan Singh's pony bolted with him; it's a way Burman ponies have sometimes, as you know, Miss Smart. This one took him under the eaves just there,—do you see?—where your friend in the red *puggree* is standing. Nasty things to ride under, are these low overhanging eaves. It was a sad case,—skull smashed to smithereens,—that's the worst of being six-foot-four. Ask Waring; he knows all about it. Helped to gather up the fragments that remained, didn't you, Waring? Is anything the matter with you, Miss Smart?"

"I'm more shaken than I thought I was," murmured Ethel. She had turned a more ghastly white and clutched at Waring's sleeve for a moment. "Let us get home as quickly as possible," she said. "Thanks. You were quite right again, Mr. Waring; I'm beginning to feel the reaction."

CHAPTER VIII.

It was not till the excitement of the chase had to some extent worn off that Waring made the discovery that he had strained the thumb of his right hand rather severely. He first became aware of the injury in the Smarts' verandah, into which cool retreat the Deputy-Commissioner insisted on conducting him, on his

¹ *Chowry*, a fly-flapper, usually made of the tail of the Thibetan yak.

arrival with Ethel, in order that he might take something to steady his nerves and fortify his system before returning to his quarters at the mess. Ethel had there, much to Waring's dismay, waxed eloquent over what she was pleased to look upon as her rescue; and her brother was clearly impressed with the imminence of the risk which his sister had run, and did his best, in his own rough, off-hand manner to convey to Waring a sense of his obligations. He had sundry brief suggestions to make for the treatment of the wounded thumb, and urged Waring repeatedly to have the strain attended to by the Civil Surgeon without delay; he even went to the length of applying, clumsily enough, some special embrocation of his own. But nothing that Smart could do afforded Waring such relief as did the pressure of his sister's palms on the aching joint. She finished rubbing in the embrocation, and bound the thumb up, using her own handkerchief as a temporary bandage; and the while she made all fast and firm her patient was at a loss whether to marvel most at the ungainliness of his own fist, as it lay partially disabled between her hands, or at the whiteness and dexterity of the girl's fingers as they secured the spotless cambric round that brown and awkward member. Smart's last injunction, shouted after him from the head of the steps, was to be careful to lie up for the day, and not on any account to use his hand working. Thus it was that the first of the glorious, sleepy mid-day hours that separate eleven o'clock breakfast from afternoon tea found the obedient Treasury-Officer, not sitting thankless at the receipt of custom, but extended—in strict compliance with the last of the Deputy-Commissioner's orders—in a long arm-chair, in the shaded depths of the mess verandah, with

nothing to do but to smoke, to gaze at his injured hand, and to congratulate himself on not having followed Smart's suggestions in their entirety. His thumb had not yet been inspected by the Civil Surgeon, and he was in consequence still privileged to wear the handkerchief that Ethel's fair hands had bound round it. It was a business-like handkerchief, not an ineffectual square of lace, and it was folded about his hand in an exceedingly business-like way, quite, as Miss Smart had been careful to explain, in accordance with the best traditions of the St. John's Ambulance Association. Waring followed its course with his eye again and again round his thumb and wrist down to the point where there was a perhaps rather unprofessional knot, and an end sticking bravely out, on which the letters *E.S.* stood worked in white silk. The end had been spread wide to show the monogram at its plainest, so that, as Ethel had jocosely observed, while wrestling with that final knot, he might remember to whom he had to return the handkerchief.

As if he were likely to forget! As if he could, for a moment, keep her out of his thoughts! As he lay there in the drowsy noon-day stillness, with no sound to break in upon his meditations but the twittering of the sparrows amid the rafters overhead and the muffled chatter of the native servants in their quarters behind the mess, his memory was free to rove at will over all the incidents of the last four days, from the hour of his first meeting with Ethel, down to the inspired moment when, sitting with his hand in hers, dimly conscious of the grateful pressure of her fingers, he realised, with a half fearful rapture, that the final episode of the morning's ride had, as it were, broken something down between them and brought her wonderfully close to him.

And as he pondered on what those four days had brought forth, an inward voice seemed to tell him that it had not come upon him suddenly, this living throbbing reality that set his brain a-whirl. Almost ever since he had first seen her there had been lurking in his heart, as yet unrecognised, an indefinable germ-like something, which had needed but the magic vivifying touch of sympathy to burst forth into fullest, noblest life, unmistakable, all-assertive. One touch was all that was required and it had come that morning from Ethel's hands. A strange power of love had with that touch sprung into being, and his dull, bachelor's heart was to-day beating to a new measure. He might, if he had not been so blind, have known that it was coming.

And, ah, the mockery of it all ! For, following relentlessly on the full conception of his new-born passion, came the knowledge of its utter hopelessness. The bright vision of smiling eyes and of deft white fingers plying round his injured hand faded as he remembered how Heriot's complacent disregard of her sudden weakness that morning had appeared to affect Ethel, and how her fair face had clouded when, without a word of sympathy or concern, he rode steadily away. She would never have looked like that if she had not, in spite of all, cared for him still. Of that Waring was convinced ; and he needed no prophet to tell him that unless something occurred to alter the girl's feelings towards Heriot it would be sheer waste of time for another man to strive to win her love.

The thought of the imperturbable Forest-Officer roused him. He rose suddenly from his seat, took two or three rapid impatient turns up and down, stood for a while irresolute, and then sat down down listlessly at his writing-table, which had been

brought out into the verandah. He felt he must do something to take his thoughts away from Ethel and Heriot. He pulled open one of the drawers ; it was full of old letters, their serried ranks reminding him importunately that his home-correspondence had of late fallen sadly into arrears. Almost involuntary he picked up a pen and drew a sheet of paper towards him with the intention of beginning a letter to his mother, but the pain that followed on the first stroke he made reminded him that he was to do no writing for a day or two. Still, though the pen was forbidden him, there was no reason, he thought, why he should not distract his mind by reading some of his old letters. They would probably serve better even than a novel to carry him out of himself. He sank back presently in his easy chair with a thick bundle on the table beside him.

Waring was not given to reading his letters from home with any great degree of care, and it not infrequently occurred that, in the re-perusal of his correspondence, he happened, with a feeling akin to surprise, on items of news which at the time had created no permanent impression on his mind, and had in the interval been practically forgotten. The present scrutiny did not prove an exception to the rule. Before he had skimmed through half a score of the letters, drawn at random from the heap at his elbow, he had been reminded of as many facts, not a few of some little interest to himself, which, now that he saw them again in black and white, he recollected, but which had, up till then, to all intents and purposes slipped his memory. He was not, therefore, surprised, when in the middle of a letter written to him by his mother some three months before, he came suddenly upon a name he had been puzzling his head over at

intervals during the previous forty-eight hours. It had conveyed nothing to him at the time he first read it, but, regarded in the light of subsequent events, it was now fraught with meaning, and the connection in which it was referred to by his mother was so decidedly interesting that he sat bolt upright in his chair with a sudden jerk and a subdued whistle, to re-read the passage in which it occurred.

Gertrude came back yesterday from Ventnor, where, as you know, she has been stopping with the Prices. The sea air seems to have done her a great deal of good. She has asked me to tell you that while at the Prices she met a girl, Millicent Dudley Devant, who is engaged to an officer in the Forest Department in Burmah. She has forgotten the name, but I daresay you may have met the man and heard of his engagement, so the news that Gertrude knows his *fiancée* may be of interest to you. Gertrude seems to have made great friends with the girl, who, she says, is charming.

That was all. It came back to Waring now. He recollected how, as he read, he had marvelled that his mother should, after all these years, still cherish the fond belief that everybody in Burmah was intimately acquainted with, and deeply interested in everybody else in the country, and how at the same time he had made up his mind that, of the half dozen Forest-Officers he knew, the happy man alluded to in the letter was certainly not Heriot, whom he had always conceived to be as resolute a woman-hater as himself. Beyond this he had not at the time given the matter a thought. Now, however, the prominence given to a certain photograph in Heriot's room, coupled with its owner's unexpected development into a lady's man of the most pronounced type, put an altogether different complexion on the passage that Waring had read. The memory

of Heriot's writing-table, as he had seen it last, strewn with three, if not four, letters exhibiting to all beholders the Ventnor post-mark, floated before his eyes. In the face of all that he had seen and now knew, he could not believe that the man who was engaged to his sister's charming acquaintance was other than the Forest-Officer of Tatkin. It could not well be anyone else. The growing certainty that Heriot was that favoured mortal sent a pleasurable glow through Waring's frame, and under its soothing influence he found himself gradually readjusting his mental vision, till, before he knew it, he was again in that seraphic state out of which the shadow of his rival had just scared him. There was some chance for him with Miss Smart after all. If it was a fact that he was already plighted to Miss Dudley Devant, his friend could not, he thought, continue to persist in paying court to Ethel Smart. Even if he did, Ethel must of necessity learn in some way, and at some not very distant date, that the Forest-Officer's affections were already engaged, and ought surely to be prepared then to recognise in its proper light the devotion of other less brilliant but more single-hearted admirers. In any case Waring felt that the last few minutes had served to clear his own field of action of some of its obstacles. He had something, at any rate, to go upon.

But, he went on a moment later to reflect, was it absolutely certain that Heriot was engaged? Might not there be even now some mistake, or, even supposing Heriot to be the man referred to in the letter, might not something have happened to put an end to the engagement? As he slowly pondered on the Forest-Officer's doings during the past few days, he could really imagine that they bore

out one or other of the last two suppositions. Heriot was not the man to go out of his way to indulge in a mere empty flirtation. Waring's knowledge of his character was at best but superficial, yet it was profound enough to force upon him the conviction that his friend was not merely playing with Ethel Smart. He had kept his eyes open and felt intuitively that the Forest-Officer, under his cloak of idle nonchalance and even of occasional studied neglect, was bringing a grim earnestness to bear upon the business he had in hand, an earnestness which suggested some definite motive; and the question for the thoughtful Treasury-Officer, was what could that motive be? It was altogether a perplexing matter, and for the better part of that hot afternoon Waring lay in his chair with his eyes on the roof above, marshalling facts and striving to find some solution of a problem that seemed to present a fresh difficulty from whichever point of view it was looked at.

About four o'clock the object of his puzzled thoughts mounted the verandah steps, strolled towards Waring, sank into a chair near him and shouted for his tea. He looked so insufferably clean and complacent that Waring longed for an opportunity to ruffle his composure, and felt that he could go to any lengths, even to a reference to Miss Dudley Devant, to effect this end.

It took some little time for Heriot to bring his glass to bear upon Waring. "What's the matter with your hand?" he asked.

"Strained my thumb this morning stopping Miss Smart's pony," returned his companion.

"Ah, to be sure," murmured the Forest-Officer; "I had almost forgotten. No other casualties, I trust." He gazed critically at the bandage on

Waring's hand as he spoke. It seemed as though he had observed the monogram on the handkerchief, and was trying to decipher the letters from where he sat. Waring made no attempt to conceal the end; he only trusted that the handkerchief would be identified. But if Heriot recognised the bandage he did not show that he had done so, and presently leant back in his chair, yawning.

There was silence for a minute or two. Then Heriot shifted his legs slowly, and called again to his boy for tea. Almost immediately after this Waring, who had made a sudden resolution, found himself addressing his uncommunicative neighbour. "You remember the photograph I noticed in your room the other day,—Miss Devant's?" His words came slowly and with a little effort for he was not sure how Heriot would take what he was going to say.

"I do."

"I thought then that I'd seen or heard the name before, but couldn't remember where."

"Ah."

"Well, I've found out since where I had come across the name; it was in a letter. My sister appears to have met Miss Devant at Ventnor last summer,"—Heriot was silent and Waring continued in a dry monotone—"and to have heard about her engagement."

Still no word came from Heriot. He was leaning back in his chair with his eyebrows raised, apparently interested in nothing but the fact that his boy was slowly approaching across the verandah with his tea. The tray was deposited on a small table by Heriot's side, there was a rattle of teacups and the servant withdrew. Heriot picked up a lump of sugar and gazed at it reflectively. "Yes," he said in a tone as of encouragement, but without looking up at Waring.

"About her engagement to,—to you," continued Waring.

Heriot lifted the milk-jug with measured deliberation and poured out a small quantity of milk into his cup; he was always very particular about putting the milk in before the tea. "You don't say so! To think of that!" he said impassively. "How small the world is."

CHAPTER IX.

ABOUT a month had elapsed since the events chronicled in the preceding chapter. The festive season of Christmas had come, and was passing amid most commendable efforts at gaiety on the part of the residents of Tatkin and of the surrounding district, and sunrise on the first day of the new year found Waring seated over his early breakfast of tea and toast, taking stock of the achievements of the past twelve months and speculating, in no very roseate humour, as to what the coming twelve had in store for him. It was a cold morning. The sun had not yet dissipated the night mists which brooded white and dank over the Station, and Waring was sufficiently chilly to be glad to take refuge in the grateful folds of a thick dressing-gown, an article of attire he but rarely wore. It was barely half-past six and, considering the excesses of the last few days, he was not without a feeling of complacency at being up and doing so early. The festivities at the Smarts', where the whole Station had collected the night before to see the old year out, had been continued until the new year was several hours old, and it seemed to Waring as though he had hardly closed his eyes between the sheets, before the sound of some one moving in heavy boots about a room near his roused him by its persistency, and he had himself risen and called

down the dim verandah for his early tea.

As now he sat by his table, plunged in a profound reverie, the steps of the unseen wearer of the boots resounded in the verandah, and from his chair he saw Heriot stalking past the curtain, dressed in riding-costume. The footsteps descended the stair, and, after a short interval, Waring heard the clatter of a pony's hoofs, muffled by the mist, die away in the distance. He did not need to be told with what object Heriot had left the mess. It was the same, he could assure himself, as that with which he had ridden out the last two mornings. The Forest-Officer had, without a word of previous intimation, left Tatkin for camp a couple of days after his ride with Ethel and Waring, and had not re-appeared at headquarters till the afternoon of Christmas Eve. He had taken an unobtrusive part in the Christmas festivities, had competed ingloriously in the lawn-tennis tournament, and had played, but without distinguishing himself, in the great polo-match, in which Tatkin, thanks to Pym's superfine play, had inflicted a terrible defeat on the champions of Thayetchaung. For the rest, he had been as assiduous as before in his attentions to the Deputy-Commissioner's sister, and had succeeded in filling Waring's mind with a vague sense of depression and disgust.

The latter's suit had progressed but lamely while Heriot was absent in camp. Ethel had been kindness itself to him during the past four weeks, had from time to time accepted the offer of his escort on morning rides, had asked him on several occasions to tea, and had invariably treated him with the most friendly graciousness; but it was the old story. Her kindness was, he

could feel, dictated more by gratitude for what he had done than by any tender sentiment and he was certain that her heart was, through all, with the wanderer in camp who had so unexpectedly deserted her. Hence it was that he had not availed himself as freely of the opportunities offered him as he might have, and had as yet gained no inkling of whether Ethel was even aware of Heriot's engagement to Miss Dudley Devant. He himself, proud soul, could not find it in him to breathe a word of that matter to any one. If there was really an engagement, Heriot's behaviour in the past had showed that he had no desire that its existence should be generally known; and for his own part he was not the one to babble mischievously, even when silence was to his own disadvantage, though at the same time he had to confess that he would have been greatly relieved to learn that the news had been communicated to Ethel otherwise than through himself. How, moreover, he asked himself again and again, could he in any way refer to the matter when he himself was not absolutely certain that Heriot was pledged to his sister's friend? The Forest-Officer had made no attempt to deny that he was engaged. He had not tried to continue the dialogue with which the last chapter terminated, yet he had showed no anxiety to have the subject changed, and it was left to Waring at the close of the pause that followed Heriot's final remark, to break the awkward silence by starting a new topic of conversation. It would have seemed to anyone who had been listening as though it were immaterial to Heriot whether the relations in which he stood to a young woman in the Isle of Wight were known or not, though Waring

felt almost certain that this was not the case, and it was partly the very fact that Heriot was, so to say, at his mercy, and did not expect him to deny himself the rare pleasure of publishing abroad what he had learnt, that tied his stubborn tongue.

As he passed Heriot's conduct in review, this misty new year's morning, he decided, as he had often decided before, that the only explanation of which it admitted was that the engagement no longer existed. That this was so had become a sort of conviction with him. It alone, it seemed to him, could account for the significant fact that Heriot, since his return from camp, had continued to haunt Ethel with the same persistent determination he had exhibited before Christmas. It would be exactly like him, Waring thought, to allow everybody to suppose that he was plighted to Miss Dudley Devant when in reality he was nothing of the sort, merely in order to encourage others to entertain hopes which he knew would be vain. But then, might he not do the same in any case, even though—ah! another idea had suddenly gained hold of the thinker as he turned over in his mind the vagaries that Heriot's peculiar temperament might lead him into. Might not the engagement still hold good, and might not Heriot's whole action in behaving as he did towards Ethel have been prompted solely by a desire to irritate and dishearten himself, or for the matter of that, any one else who ventured to cherish hopes with regard to Miss Smart? The idea had occurred to him vaguely before, and now it struck Waring as strange that he should not have thought seriously of it till then. The more he remembered of the Forest-Officer and his peculiarities the more he realised how very possible it was

that that perverse personage was, after all, still engaged, and had been sustained, in that earnestness of purpose which characterised his attitude towards Ethel, by nothing higher than the prospect of exasperating some lovelorn individual (like himself) who would willingly have worshipped at her shrine. That must be the explanation, and if so, what a fool the fellow must think him for hanging back when he knew so much. Yes, he had been a precious fool not to have thought of it before. At all events, if this was the solution of the difficulty his own course, he reflected, would be clear enough. Our friend had quite made up his mind by this time that, if Heriot had, and could have, no serious intentions towards the Deputy-Commissioner's sister, he himself would, so soon as all doubts as to the Forest-Officer's engagement were set at rest, make his unflagging devotion show how terribly settled his own resolves were. And there was no time to be lost; if anything was to be done it would have to be done without delay. It was already January, and he had applied for, and expected to get his leave early in March. He felt that he could not quit Tatkin without having made some definite attempt to come to an understanding with Miss Smart,—for who could say whether he would be again posted to Tatkin on his return or whether he would ever have another opportunity of meeting Ethel in Burnah? And, before he could make a real beginning, much had to be done in the way of clearing the ground.

In this strain he mused till the sun, which had risen high above the palms, scattered the last shreds of the morning mist and sent a strong hot shaft of light across the verandah to his feet. With the sudden burst

of sunshine he awoke from his reverie, to find Heriot creaking up the steps, brown and jubilant, from his morning ride. The breakfast-hour was near, and after breakfast the duties of the day were to commence. There were to be sports for the Police, Civil and Military, that afternoon, and the morning was to be devoted by himself and the Battalion Commandant to putting the ground in order and arranging a programme of events. That evening the Station was to be entertained at dinner by the bachelors at the Civil mess, and, as mess-secretary, the responsibility for the successful issue of the feast rested on his shoulders. His work was cut out for him. It was time for him to get out of the dressing-gown, that already felt too warm, and bathe and dress.

He was sitting that evening, tired out, resting, as best he could, in the interval between the sports and dinner, when a bundle of letters was brought to him by a phlegmatic *chuprassie*. It was the English mail, just arrived. In order to take the bundle into his hand he had to put down an opened note that had been brought to him a few minutes before. It was from Ethel, and contained a pressing invitation to join in an expedition that she and her brother intended making a few days later to a pagoda of some interest several miles out of Tatkin. Heriot was to be one of the party. They were to sleep a night in the rest-house, the writer said; camp-furniture would have to be provided, and a hope was expressed that the journey would prove a great success. Waring had been debating how to answer this missive when he was interrupted by the arrival of the mail. If Heriot had not been going, he would have had no hesitation in accepting. Now

that his plan of action was generally outlined, he could not but acknowledge that the expedition would afford him exactly the opportunities he desired for clearing the ground. But the prospect of Heriot's presence made him pause. His frame of mind was not so hopeful as it had been in the morning. If the future were to be judged of by the past, the Forest-Officer would certainly act towards Ethel during the excursion as though he were absolutely free; and, look at it what way he would, Waring could not yet bring himself to the point of letting Miss Smart know all he knew, or suspected. If only he had a certainty to go upon he might have felt compelled, in fairness to Ethel, to let the fact of the engagement be known; but so strangely was his nature compounded that, in the absence of full knowledge, he shrank from speaking to the girl on a subject that touched him so nearly, as he would have shrunk from some mean, underhand action; and he felt certain that, so long as Ethel was ignorant of Heriot's engagement, his own presence on the expedition would be as little appreciated by her as it had appeared to be on a certain memorable ride. He would only be in the way. And yet, —things had altered since that ride. She knew him, liked him, better now than then, and perhaps Heriot would himself tell her of his engagement; he must see that this sort of thing could not go on for ever. He decided on the whole to suspend judgment till he had looked at the letters that had just been put into his hand.

They were not all for him. His share consisted of a letter from his sister and a PUNCH, both of which he put aside to read at his leisure. For Mullintosh there was a SPORTING TIMES and what looked like a tradesman's bill; for Pym a couple of postcards, and for Heriot a letter on thick

paper, the superscription in a jerky feminine hand. Waring glanced at the postmark on the last, as he handed the bundle back to the *chuprassie*, and read the word *Ventnor*.

That settled him. It was a small matter, but in certain dubious moods small matters often influence us far more effectually than great. The sight of the envelope bearing that tell-tale legend, which seemed to come like a living voice of protest from afar, clamouring to be heard, sent a fresh wave of feeling over him. How it was he could not say, but it seemed to him as though after this Heriot must let Ethel know exactly in what light he was to be looked upon. Some instinct told him that something must happen during the excursion to the pagoda, that things must come to a head, and that all would in the end be made clear. He felt a sudden determination that there should be, that he would make a way out of all this heart-breaking tangle. If all went right the next few days ought to see a finish of the business, so far as Heriot was concerned. He would do his best to see that they did; and then,—then, if his supposition was correct, and Heriot had only been putting him on the rack for his own private delectation, he would be free to press his own suit, uninterrupted; and where, he asked himself gleefully, would there be more freedom and less fear of interruption than on the projected expedition? Sanguine, confiding youth! He sat down forthwith and incontinently penned a reply to Ethel, accepting her invitation. Then he set to and dressed for dinner with a feeling that the ground was being cleared for him.

Heriot was given the letter from Ventnor shortly after it had left Waring's hands. It was not a long epistle. It took him barely two

minutes to read, for he skimmed it rapidly, as though he knew beforehand pretty well what the writer was going to say. For all that, however, it deserved more than the cursory inspection that Heriot gave it, for there was a deal of emotion concentrated into its three pages of straggling girlish writing. It ended with the following words :

I know I ought to have written last week, but I couldn't realise it at first or believe it was true, and I couldn't somehow write till after it was too late to catch the mail. I don't realise it yet, though I suppose I ought to have known what was coming by your last few letters. Still, I suppose you know best, and if you can't care for me any more, I suppose the only thing to be done is to think no more of each other. But it does seem hard,—so hard.

This rather pathetic document was signed *Millicent Dudley Devant*, and, had he been privileged to see them, its contents would no doubt have furnished Waring with food for much thoughtful comment. But at the moment he was too busily engaged on a letter of his own to think of what the contents of Heriot's might be.

Heriot was not profoundly moved by his correspondent's outburst of

grief. He shrugged his shoulders once or twice as he read, but to all appearances he was affected less by the general tone of the letter than by one or two orthographic errors that he noticed and scored under with his finger-nail as he read. He stroked his moustache pensively when the perusal was completed ; then he placed the letter in his pocket and whistled softly to himself as he polished his eyeglass, and as he whistled an observer might have seen that his face brightened a little. The observer, had he been acquainted with the facts of the case, might well have surmised that, now that he was off with the old love, the susceptible Forest-Officer was calculating what magnificent opportunities for consummating fresh conquests would be afforded by the approaching picnic to the Thonzè pagoda. He would not have been very far wrong if he had.

It was a coincidence, but, as he dressed for dinner, Heriot too was thinking how nicely the ground was being cleared for him.

Truly, with all this in the air, the expedition to the pagoda promised to be fruitful of situations that might prove interesting.

(To be continued.)

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

SOME years ago Alphonse Daudet was almost the only one among contemporary French novelists with whom it was deemed proper for respectable persons in this country to avow an acquaintance. That was, of course, before the soft and sentimental Loti had shed his exotic fragrance; it was before M. Zola had evolved into a quasi-religious explorer, or the reflected halo of LOURDES and ROME had caused good people to revise their prejudice against the author of NANA and LA TERRE. There was another consideration also which recommended Daudet to English readers. Some one or more had discovered a resemblance between him and a great novelist of our own whose name also began with a D. Likeness could only be the result, it seemed, of imitation. So the rumour got abroad and was kept up by easy, not to say odious, comparisons. Naturally the French author was annoyed at so futile an insinuation, hard to combat, and having (as he afterwards explained) no other basis than a certain affinity of mind (*parenté d'esprit*) and a similar experience of life. But the myth did him good in this country, from a business point of view. It roused our curiosity to be told that a Parisian novelist, already of high fame over there, had reproduced David Copperfield, Little Nell, and other familiar figures. People enquired for LE PETIT CHOSE, then perhaps for JACK; soon they forgot all about Dickens and continued to read Daudet for his own sake. For those who had wept over LE PETIT CHOSE and JACK, the pro-

digious adventures of Tartarin de Tarascon were at hand to make them laugh, or the process may have been reversed; and thus these works became sufficiently known to be talked about over dinner-tables and in drawing-rooms.

This course of development is, it is needless to say, not meant to be logical, still less chronological; it represents, however, what I believe to be the most probable genesis of Daudet's popularity in England. Many of us who had been arrested first by JACK or by LES AVENTURES PRODIGIEUSES DE TARTARIN made a point afterwards of reading whatever else came from the same pen; our reward was to find that neither of those works revealed the full extent of Daudet's power, or of his charm.

It is likely enough that, disregarding dates, we began with JACK, if only for the sake of the unmistakable title. This well-known story, like most of Daudet's larger books, may be called a series of emotional pictures rather than a regularly constructed novel,—pictures connected passably well by the figure of a hapless boy, whose career is a course of misery relieved only by death. The characters of the young martyr and of his worthless mother were taken, so we are told, from life, with a few additions. However that may be, the general effect is of a pathos somewhat overstrained. George Sand declared that the book harrowed her feelings too much: Flaubert considered it too long; and both criticisms are easily intelligible. Otherwise, JACK contains many passages which

give scope to its author's descriptive faculty; the Moronval Institute, the engine-works at Indret, and, best of all, that mutual-admiration society of unappreciated genius,—D'Argenton the poet, Labassindre the tenor, Doctor Hirsch, and the rest of the *ratés*.

Except that tears and laughter are closely allied the transition is violent from the sorrow, real or artificial, of LE PETIT CHOSE and of JACK to the genuine merriment excited by the prodigious adventures of Tarascon's hero. It was a novel, and rather a bold, idea to caricature your own compatriots. In France the humour of the thing was not quite appreciated at first; people asked each other what it was all about. Moreover, when the story appeared in its original *feuilleton* form the hero's name was Barbarin. Unfortunately it happened that there was at Tarascon a family of that name, who threatened legal proceedings; and so, just as the proof-sheets of the book were complete, Daudet had to revise them all again, carefully erasing the *B* and substituting *T* throughout. To this accident we owe the alliterative Tartarin of Tarascon, and we feel as glad of the change as, no doubt, did the susceptible family. Even in its book-form this work was never one of the most popular among French, as distinct from foreign, readers; perhaps, as the author suggested, owing to the prevalence of local colour; perhaps because of a certain resentment which in its most acute form led menacing strangers from the South to go through Paris asking for the whereabouts of "that Daudet." Referring in later years to this first Tartarin book as a "burst of laughter" (a *galéjade*, in Provençal phrase), Daudet prided himself justly on the fact that in Tartarin he had "created a type;" a type in the same way that Sam Weller or Wilkins Micawber are types,

—that is to say, an exaggeration of certain qualities, but still a type to fix in our memory. We were already familiar with the boastful Gascon, the simple Breton, and the crafty Norman; but it was Daudet who first introduced us to that wonderful species *l'homme du Midi*, "the man who does not lie but makes a mistake, who does not always speak the truth but firmly believes that he is speaking it, whose falsehood is not really falsehood but a kind of *mirage* due to the magnifying effects of the southern sun." Such was Tartarin, who went to Africa seeking lions and fearing horribly lest they might come,—Tartarin, who was bold to scale the Alps imagining that crevasses and glaciers were an invention to stimulate tourists, but in mortal terror when he learnt that these dangers were real; such were the people of Tarascon who, under the auspices of their great man, crossed the seas to a visionary Utopia, an enterprise of lamentable end. The Man of the South deceives both himself and others, and he is easily deceived.

The idea of Tartarin, and its execution, showed Daudet to possess an appreciation of the ludicrous quite different from that quality of wit common to the French nature. And while the idea as a whole could have been conceived and carried out by none but a genuine humourist, there are still numberless morsels which to refined fancy will seem of an even more perfect excellence. Such, for example, to take only one instance, is that scene at the critical moment of the ascent of Mont Blanc, when the hero and his fellow-impostor Bompard, believing that their doom is sealed, though each is meditating treachery to the other, say farewell with appropriate emotion, and this notable dialogue ensues, in which the lion-hunter confesses his reputation unde-

served: *Tartarin* (solemnly): "Bompard, I never really killed a lion!" *Bompard* (with equal solemnity): "I never believed that you did!" And if any urge as an objection to this delightful satire that its range is limited to the peculiarities of one locality and one temperament, it is obvious to reply that the philosopher may discern in the double *Tartarin* some elements of human nature in general. Our spirit of adventure is commonly tempered by caution, our love of fame by considerations of security; and while *Tartarin-Quixote* says to us, "Cover thyself with glory," *Tartarin-Sancho* makes answer, "Cover thyself with flannel." To the trilogy dealing with *Tarascon* and its hero too great prolixity has been imputed. It is a dangerous thing, no doubt, to prolong a joke into three volumes, especially when separated by long intervals; and that is why the first book of *Tartarin* seems to us better than the second, and both the first and second considerably superior to the third. But there is no need to be captious. A truer estimate shows us that *TARTARIN* in one way, and *JACK* in another were the inevitable working-off of a certain exuberance in the first case of humour, in the second of pathos. In his greater books Daudet restrains and harmonises these qualities, reinforcing nature by art.

Among these greater books every one would rank *NUMA ROUMESTAN*. Here also it is a question of the meridional nature, an idea which Daudet made much of. The politician of emotions without morality, of eloquence without principle, is set in contemptible contrast to Rosalie, his high-minded wife who has sacrificed herself, and will apparently continue to do so, in order that Numa may still appear "a great man to all the world, except his wife." The root of these evils is an incompatibility be-

tween the northern and the southern temperament. But Rosalie, with all her virtue, is a rather cold austere figure, less attractive far than her sister the lovable, too short-lived Hortense, whose romantic passion for Valmajour, the *tambourinaire*, forms the underplot of the story. This Valmajour, a Provençal of fatuous conceit, who thought to take Paris by storm and ended by being hissed at the lowest music-halls, was one of Daudet's favourite creations, and he has told us (in *TRENTE ANS DE PARIS*) all about the original. The public, however, was more interested in identifying Numa Roumestan with Gambetta. This theory, in spite of many denials, has continued to survive; it has at any rate sufficient external plausibility, and its accuracy, or the reverse, matters little in the case of an author who drew so avowedly from life not only his minor characters, but personages so important as the exiled Sovereigns, the Duc de Mora, the Nabob, and so forth.

If one were bound by the slavery of dates, instead of being fascinated by that idea of the Midi, it would have been proper, before mentioning *NUMA ROUMESTAN* (not published till 1881), to refer to what Daudet called his "dawn of popularity,"—his first great success, *FROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AÎNÉ*. How editions of this book were multiplied, and rights of translation sought from other countries, he has told us with natural pride. The scene of the story is laid in the Marais, the commercial quarter of Paris, and its motive was originally meant to be essentially a commercial one, in which case we should probably have had something like *M. Zola's AU BONHEUR DES DAMES*; but the prospect of putting it on the stage necessitated a stronger note of passion, and the interest was accordingly

centred upon Risler's wife, Sidonie, her schemes and her iniquities. Sidonie (who is a sort of lower-grade Becky Sharp) is one of the few very bad women to be found in Daudet's novels; her husband is one of the few excellent men. Risler's partner, Georges Fromont, and his wife Claire make up the quartet of principal characters, whose diverse conduct carries us with interest and conviction to the development of the first crisis,—the imminent ruin of the business averted only by the heroic efforts of Risler; thence to the final crisis,—a concession to pathos less probable but not impossible—when the honest man ends his life, broken down at last by the discovery of a brother's treachery, added to a partner's and a wife's.

It is in this book that we meet the oft-quoted Delobelle, the illustrious ex-actor, consumed by the idea of his own genius, who because he deemed himself worthy only of a great part (wherein managers did not share his view) sauntered and swaggered with fine clothes and magnificent airs, covering his sloth and selfishness by that grand phrase, "Never will I give up,—never!" This resolution was unfortunately exercised at the expense of his wife and daughter, who slaved day and night to provide the great man with the means of continuing his heroic pose. The girl Desirée is one of the many female figures in Daudet's books who attract all our love and pity. Chébe, the father of Sidonie (reminding us alternately of Mr. Micawber and of old Sedley), and the faithful old cashier of the firm may be added to minor characters sufficiently numerous and interesting to prevent our attention being monopolised by the unpleasantness of the main intrigue. Besides gaining a popularity which set Daudet at once among the great novelists of his day, this novel was crowned by the French

Academy. More than any of his books it seems to have suited both Academical and popular taste, and there are those who still consider it his masterpiece. Yet it was by no means one of those books to which the author gave most of himself, which exhausted him most. For Daudet was a writer who lived in his characters to an intense degree, thought their thoughts, and felt their emotions. We can imagine,—or we can learn from the *SOUVENIRS D'UN HOMME DE LETTRES*—how great a strain this process imposes upon a sensitive nature.

No book cost so much in this way as *LES ROIS EN EXIL*. It was a great conception, a theme worthy of struggle. In the bad days of Royalty, the days of popular revolution and Republican experiment, an exiled King and Queen take refuge in Paris. A few faithful friends attend them, a small court is formed, and round it gathers the throng of sycophants, adventurers, and traitors. The business of the exiles is to wait, and watch for an opportunity of restoration. But the Royalist cause is fatally injured by the character of the King. Less Royalist than all, the weak and pleasure-loving sovereign cares little for distant Illyria so long as the pleasures of Paris are at hand. The loyalty of his friends tries to conceal and counteract this worthlessness; with even greater loyalty the Queen ignores, or pardons, the misdeeds of her husband. The Cause is ever before them, higher and greater than any Person. At last even the Queen is compelled to give up her husband and transfer her hopes to their son. This delicate boy, whose education is the duty and the delight of an ardent high-minded Royalist, has the promise of every virtue. But Fate is on the other side. An accident befalls the young Prince,—the loss of one eye and

the necessity, to save the other, of an operation too dangerous for so weak a constitution. Then the spirit of the Queen yields to the heart of the Mother; if only her child may recover, she is content to bid farewell to palace and throne, to leave Royalty a dead thing to the dead past. Such is this story of many impressions, of actions ideal and commonplace, noble and sordid, composed from recollections of early Royalist enthusiasm tempered by the Republican conviction of later years. In this, as in most of Daudet's novels, critics who demand close and consecutive treatment, logical analysis, or rigid purity of phrase may find much to improve upon. But for the less particular reader, who is content if his interest and sympathy are stirred to their depths, *LES ROIS EN EXIL* is a standard work, so well does it blend poetry with observation, so vividly do certain of its scenes remain on the memory. That is a fine one, for example, in which *Frédérica* enters Christian's room as he is on the point of putting his name (for a consideration) to a document resigning the crown of Illyria, and pours forth on him all the indignation and contempt she had long managed to suppress; or that last scene, "the End of a Race," in which she takes little *Zara* to the great specialist, going unknown and waiting, a woman with her child, among the crowd of patients that throngs the doctor's ante-room. "Tainted blood," says the doctor; "It is the blood of kings," is her reply. And surely the book was worth writing if only for the one character of *Elysée Méraut*, than whom neither history nor fiction can produce a finer example of single-hearted devotion to "lost causes and impossible loyalties."

To about the same period as *LES ROIS EN EXIL* belongs *LE NABOB* (published in 1877). This also is a

study of Parisian manners, a series of episodes, the nature of which every one who has read the book can recall by a glance at the headings of the chapters. *Les Malades du Docteur Jenkins*, among whom are the Duc de Mora and the Marquis de Monpavon; *Un Début dans le Monde*, the reception in Jenkins's house in which the honest and vulgar Nabob is introduced to the great Minister, and displays a childish delight at finding himself in high society, not suspecting that he is only courted for the sake of his money, which is wanted to prop up a tottering financial concern; *Félicia Ruys*, the gifted lady sculptor for whose favour the Duke and Jenkins are rivals; *L'œuvre de Bethléem*, the Foundling Hospital with which Jenkins is connected, and for his devotion to which he is decorated with the Cross, though it is the Nabob who has provided most of the funds; *Une Election Corse*, when Jansoulet is elected deputy for Corsica, the climax of his success, after which his troubles begin. Enemies arise in the Press; financial rivalry is bitter; his election is declared invalid; Society, having no further use for him, discovers his vulgarity and shuns him. Finally the Nabob expires, in the *foyer* of his own theatre, a victim to the heartlessness of Paris. But before this end of the principal character many striking scenes intervene. *Les Perles Jenkins* recalls the death of the Duc de Mora; *Drames Parisiens* the still more dramatic exit of Monpavon sauntering to suicide with all the regard for "good form" which the cynic cultivates till it becomes his nature. The story has little sequence but that of strong situations. It is a patchwork of divers colours, which might be cut into strips and placed alongside each other according as they more or less match; but Heaven forbid any so fatal a dissection!

LE NABAB and LES ROIS EN EXIL represent the widest extent of Daudet's range. His other works appeal to narrower interests, though they may be for that very reason more carefully wrought. Foremost of these is the notorious SAPHO, the most concentrated of his novels, with never a divergence from the theme, never a break in its development. Of that theme what need be said, except that it was inevitable for an author of Daudet's repute to handle it at some time or other, and that he handled it in a manner most acceptable to the æsthetic, and least offensive to the moral sense? It was at any rate not a bad thing to exhibit under a different light a picture already made familiar by such works as MANON LESCAUT and LA DAME AUX CAMÉLLIAS. Of its didactic value Daudet had the highest possible idea since he dedicated it "to my sons when they are twenty." That is a matter of opinion; but in any case the sons should, I think, be furnished with an edition without illustrations.

L'IMMORTEL, again, is an example of a subject closely followed out. Everyone, outside the Sacred Forty, has probably enjoyed this satire upon the intrigues (mainly feminine) by which membership of the Academy is supposed to be sought, the formalism, dryness, and affectation of Academicians as compared with the genius and attractiveness of Bohemia. "Poor Academy," one thinks, "did it deserve all this? Was it worth Daudet's while? Might not a scourging of such doubtful justice have been left to an inferior hand?" Daudet, moreover, though possessed of a certain sub-acidity which he often employs with effect, is not at his best in so bitter a vein as this. He is too charitable to do it thoroughly; pity constantly gains on indignation, till eventually we feel almost a fondness

for that poor old Astier-Rehu, *crocodilus* and *vir ineptissimus* notwithstanding. L'IMMORTEL is one of those books to which the epithet *clever* does justice, and full justice. It applies to various portraits of society, and especially to the description of a certain dinner-party given by the Duchess Maria Antonia Padovani, where there is an admirably worked contrast between the conventional words of politeness which the guests interchange, and their secret thoughts about each other. Together with L'IMMORTEL, L'EVANGÉLISTE and ROSE ET NINETTE (on the divorce-problem) may be classed as specimens of the merely clever novel, liable even at some points to a suspicion of imperfect taste.

It would be unreasonable, of course, to expect an equal or similar excellence amid so long a list of novels; nor, it must be remembered, is Daudet's fame solely bound up with the novel. It is unnecessary to enquire here what rank among poets the writer of LES AMOUREUSES might have attained had he continued on the pathway to Helicon; or to deliberate what exact position among dramatists should be assigned to the author of L'ARLÉSIENNE and LA LUTTE POUR LA VIE. But *Poésies*, *Pièces de Théâtre*, *Contes et Romans*,—the time-honoured custom of the publisher's catalogue classifies together the long and the short story. And since between them there is no generic difference, but only a distinction somewhat over-emphasised in these days of multiplied fiction, it is well to put on record that Daudet's *contes* have a merit which, in the opinion of many good judges, will make them proof against the inevitable winnowing of Time. Fate, or the commercial necessity of the "big book" drew him to the *roman*; but it is possible that from the LETTRES DE MON MOULIN, the CONTES DU LUNDI, or the many

gems of memory and imagination to be found in the *ŒUVRES DIVERSES*, an anthology may be made and cherished in distant days when *LES ROIS EN EXIL*, *LE NABAB*, and *SAPHO* are forgotten. At any rate the writer of *LES DEUX AUBERGES*, *LE SIÈGE DE BERLIN*, *LE NAUFRAGE* and other sketches whose claims may be left to individual taste, would, if he had done nothing else, appear as a *conteur*, less skilful indeed, but more amiable and more natural than a Guy de Maupassant or a Prosper Mérimée. The question is not only a speculation of the future; it concerns the criticism of our own day, and whatever has been or may be said about Daudet's genius, his method and his place in literature.

It has been argued that he was not a great novelist in the sense that Flaubert and Edmond de Goncourt were great. He was deficient, these writers say, in *technique*; his plots were loose, his incidents irrelevant, and his style familiar. His gifts were suitable for sketches and tales; he missed his vocation when he took to writing novels. The admirer may admit all this, even its exaggerations, and pass on with a smile. He will be surprised to learn of so many defects which he had somehow omitted to notice. It is true, no doubt, when you come to think of it, that Daudet, like Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, did not trouble much to construct his novels on lines of geometrical rectitude; it is true that he often plunged into the middle, and then went back to explain how things arose and who people were; it is true that abundant digressions justify the heinous charge of diverting the reader's attention. But does the reader mind? Is he conscious of anything tedious or unnecessary? Is he not as much interested in the digressions as in the main story? Does he (to take a

concrete instance) resent the introduction into *LE NABAB* of the Joyeuse family, slight as the connection is between the fortunes of Jansoulet and that worthy old clerk who, having lost his place, still went out every morning as though to business and returned with equal cheerfulness in the evenings to the four daughters whom he would not trouble by the knowledge of his difficulties? And if the cultivated reader is not offended by these things, it is clear both that the inconsequence cannot be very glaring, and that the writer must have qualities which create amid multiplicity a sense of unity stronger than any which comes from technical virtue. To make an inventory of these qualities, in spite of all that has been written about them in the last few months, would be well nigh impossible. The conclusion of the whole matter goes back to that old and misty phrase "the indefinable charm," which in Daudet's case can be best interpreted as the personal element,—of pity, contempt, or irony—so apparent in all his works whether they be tales or novels, whether founded on fact or in imagination. It is a common experience to prefer the narrative of one who has been present at the events and has known the people he describes to the narrative, however skilful, of a neutral person; and Daudet is never neutral. In this subjective sense he is the most real of Realists, the most natural of Naturalists.

Otherwise there could be no better illustration of the futility of literary labels. Nominally Daudet, with De Goncourt and Zola, formed a trio representing Naturalism in fiction; he adopted the watchwords of that school, and by private friendship, no less than by a common profession of faith, he was one of them. But the student of the future, while recognising an obvious affinity between the

other two, may be puzzled to find Daudet's name conjoined with theirs. Here is a passage from a recent French critic¹ which is worth translating.

Daudet belongs to no school. A Realist, more of a Realist than M. Zola, he is not one in the scholastic sense of the word. No description suits him which would bind him to any system. The word Impressionist is no doubt the best, partly because it implies naturalness and freedom, partly because it is applied not to this or that theory, but to the temperament of the writer. It should be observed at the outset that Impressionism is in many respects directly opposed to Naturalism. The essence of the latter is its objectivity. . . . Not only does it forbid the author to show himself in his work, but it pursues a truth which is documentary, absolute, and independent of the Ego: it brings Art as far as possible into the position of Science, and Science is objective. Impressionism, on the other hand, claims not to reproduce Nature, but to interpret her. Taking the term in its most simple sense, an Impressionist is the man who translates his impressions. The impressions, of course, are those produced by reality, but the reality is regarded by the Impressionist only as a means: his true object is to give expression to himself. Such is the case of Alphonse Daudet, so much so that we might characterise him almost completely by qualities which reveal the most personal and intimate essence of the man. There doubtless lies the secret of his charm.

Daudet, then, might be called an Impressionist, if the word had not so many connotations, or an Individualist, if that term conveyed any meaning. At any rate he stands by himself, and has the distinction of being incapable of classification. This fact is still more evident if one remembers his method of work about which he has told us everything. It was his habit, wherever he found himself, to take notes of scenes and

persons as they impressed him; if not a philosopher he was, like Mr. Pickwick (and Mr. Pickwick's creator), "an observer of human nature." From these jottings the idea of a story would be originated, and the plot grew out of the notes, however much it might subsequently require in the way of documentary research. Contrast this simple use of impressions with the usually accepted method of Naturalism. A De Goncourt, or a Zola, having deliberately chosen a theme, goes out and places himself in the required surroundings; his notes, methodical and consecutive, are the working-up of the subject. It is the fulfilment of a duty, and the results correspond. Both these eminent men have succeeded, so far as the impossible can be achieved, in presenting things impersonally and from the outside. Daudet's work on the contrary, whether he would or no, comes to us coloured by the medium of his personality; it is "Nature seen through a temperament," in the phrase which M. Zola invented, but which unfortunately gives away the whole case of Naturalism.

Such being the man, the question of style is a smaller matter. But even here it is curious to compare the three novelists. De Goncourt, his artistic leanings rigorously repressed as regards matter, revenged himself by inventing a diction which at times troubles sorely the natural lucidity of the French language; this is the style artificial. M. Zola, with his strongly scientific bias, is less concerned with niceties of language than with the methodical development of a subject; his is the style plain, more forcible sometimes by its very plainness. Daudet found by inspiration that felicity of phrase which other men seek with infinite pains. Revision indeed, twice and even thrice,

¹M. Georges Pellissier in *LA REVUE ENCYCLOPÉDIQUE*.

was his rule, a necessary disposition of ideas, an arrangement of brilliant *anacolutha* to meet the prejudices of grammar and punctuation. But the *verve* of the first rough drafts still pierces through in the ultimate version,—the style we know so well, at once easy, polished, and instinct with life. And if Daudet's sensitive nature qualified him especially for receiving impressions, his skill in developing these portraits, whether of scenes or persons, brings them before the reader with a persuasive reality somewhat analogous to the effects produced by the most recent invention of fancy photography. It is a succession of figures moving before the eye and the mind. You are driving briskly, for example, along a country road one fine summer's morning:

On your left a hundred feet down lies the sea flecked (*mouchetée*) with foam, rounded creeks of the coast seen through a distant vapour in which the blue of waves and sky is blended; a sprinkling of sails red or white like unfolded wings, delicate outlines of steamers, with a trail of smoke behind them by way of a good-bye (*comme un adieu*); on a bit of shore which you catch at a turn of the road are fishermen hardly larger to the eye than sea-gulls, in their moored boat as in a nest. Then the road goes downward sharply, skirting rocks and steep promontories. Up comes the fresh sea-breeze mingling with the bells of your horses; whilst on your right, on the mountain side, rise tapering pines, oaks with their wayward (*capricieuses*) roots emerging from the barren ground; row upon row of olive-trees reaching up to a wide rocky ravine fringed with a green growth that reminds you the water has been there, a dried-up torrent along which laden mules are climbing, planting their hoofs surely amid the shingly stones, and hard by, beside a tiny little pool of water—a few remaining drops of last winter's flood—a woman bends over washing clothes. Now and then you go through the street of a village, or rather a small town, rusted (*rouillée*) by too much sun—a town of historic antiquity, cramped, close-pressed houses, a net-work of over-arched lanes

with room for a little day-light at the top, broods of curly-haired children, baskets of glistening fruit, a woman coming down the rough uneven roadway with a pitcher on her head or distaff on her arm. Then a corner of the street brings again before you the twinkling (*papillotement*) of the waves and the boundless ocean.

This rough version may serve as a specimen, not of the essence of Daudet's style, which of course must evaporate in any attempt at translation, but at least of his vivacious kaleidoscopic manner. Similar specimens may be found in the passage describing the shops and warehouses of Paris at Christmas-time (in FROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AÎNÉ), or that depicting a market-day in a Provençal town (in NUMA ROUMESTAN), or the harbour of Marseilles (in JACK). Indeed the student of style might take at random these and a score of other passages and go through them noting such words, especially adjectives, as appear most felicitous. He will find that Daudet used freely, without abusing, the privilege which Horace claims for every author, of creating a fresh word by modifying some already familiar one.

Licuit semperque licebit

Signatum præsentæ nota producere nomen.

A similar examination might be applied with even better results to some of those few lines by which he drew an individual personage,—the attitude, the features, the costume. The Nabob, for instance, is "A kind of giant—swarthy, sunburnt, yellow as a guinea (*tanné, hâlé, safrané*), his head well down in his shoulders. A stumpy nose lost in the folds (*la bouffissure*) of the face, frizzled, matted hair like an Astrachan cap resting on a low obstinate forehead, a brushwood of eyebrows (*sourails en broussailles*) with eyes as of a tiger-cat in ambush

(*chopard embusqué*),—all this combined to give him the wild look of a Kalmuck," etc., etc. The dandified Marquis de Monpavon is "A magnificent man . . . displaying a wide front of immaculate linen which cracks under the constant forward strain of the chest, and bulges out every time with the noise of a swelling turkey-cock or a peacock as he spreads his tail (*se bombe chaque fois avec le bruit d'un dindon qui se gonfle ou d'un paon qui fait la roue*)." That faithful old courtier, the Duc de Rosen, "Stands stiff and upright in the middle of the room, his colossal figure rising up to the chandelier. He awaits the favour of a gracious reception so nervously that his long Pandour-like legs might be seen quivering, and his broad chest heaving under the stripes of the orders which adorned it. The head alone, —a small sparrow-hawk head, steely eye and predatory beak—(*petite tête d'émouchet, regard d'acier et bec de proie*) remained motionless, with its three white bristling hairs and the thousand little wrinkles of its shrivelled skin." And there are scores of similar portraits which Daudet's readers will recall for themselves.

There is yet one other characteristic of Daudet's style which deserves notice,—his habit of appealing to the reader as it were for sympathy and confirmation, sometimes in a general

form of address, sometimes by certain confidential little phrases, the *voyez-vous*, the *je vous dis*, the *n'est-ce-pas*, and so forth. This kind of intimacy when unskilfully employed or merely artificial is apt to be resented by the reader, but as used by Daudet it has a genuine and quite endearing effect. So excellent a thing it is to be "familiar but by no means vulgar."

Ultimately these qualities of the writer, and any others that may be discovered, fall back into our knowledge of the man himself,—a man of a tender almost feminine heart, embittered now and then by the sight of evil, of a gaiety clouded at times by the sense of human misery, of an optimism which occasionally failed before the iniquities of life. Daudet was not a moralist, a philosopher, a social theorist, or in any way a formidable person; he was a man endowed with the power of minute observation and the capacity of intense feeling; he combined his feeling and his observation with the instinct of an artist, and applied them to those things which interest the majority of mankind. Michelet's celebrated phrase about the elder Dumas that he was "one of the forces of Nature" would be true of Daudet also. Together with the vast luxuriance of the tropics Nature owns equally the gentler growths of temperate climes.

ARTHUR F. DAVIDSON.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE AT BAYONNE.

It is related of Thackeray (with what truth I know not) that, before writing *THE VIRGINIANS*, he repeatedly asked a friend, who was supposed to know, to tell him all he could about Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. The friend at length, tired of the questions, answered testily, "What on earth do you want to know about him?" "Well," said Thackeray, "I should like to know what sort of breeches he wore." Precisely so; we do want to know what kind of clothes our heroes wore, or in other words, to picture what manner of men they were in every-day life.

Details of some interesting incidents have lately been unearthed by that indefatigable searcher in local archives, Monsieur Ducéré of the Bayonne Library, and are related in his articles on *LES ENVIRONS DE BAYONNE*, which incidentally place forcibly before the reader the daily life and habits of Napoleon during his four months' stay, with Josephine, at that ancient fortress in the eventful year 1808.

But let us first see what brought Napoleon to the foot of the Pyrenees at the period mentioned, and in doing so, we shall perhaps discover some of the causes and objects of the great Peninsular War.

On October 21st, 1805, the battle of Trafalgar had been fought and won, and the genius of Nelson had once for all taught the lesson that an English fleet need not be kept for ever cruising in the Channel to protect us from invasion, so long as our enemy's squadrons could be marked down and fought wherever they were found. The flat-bottomed boats and

all the naval paraphernalia, so ostentatiously collected on the opposite shores of the Channel to transport Napoleon's two hundred thousand men, vauntingly called the Army of England, to quarter themselves in Lombard Street, had been dispersed, and the armed host directed against Austria, instead of crossing that little silver streak, the command of which Buonaparte perceived, two months before, that he could never obtain so long as England possessed men of the stamp of Nelson.

But although Napoleon was obliged to abandon his project, put up with failure, and divert his forces, he never for a moment gave up his intention of humiliating the English nation. She had neither the territory nor the population of other great European nations; but she had wealth, and wealth requires trade for its accumulation. Buonaparte saw that her commerce and her carrying-trade were the sources of her riches and of her naval power; to attack them, then, was his fixed determination, and although he sneered at us as a "nation of shop-keepers," it may well be said that his first care was to see that we had no customers. By his decrees all commerce with the British Isles was forbidden to Europe, of which he was Dictator, and, to use a latter-day expression, unknown at that period, England was boycotted by Napoleon's command. She retaliated by orders in Council blockading the Continental ports; the customary luxuries from abroad, and even the necessities of life, could be but with difficulty obtained, and friends and

foes alike were equally inconvenienced.

Now at this time, the weak kingdom of Portugal, although trembling at Napoleon's alarming victories, was friendly towards England, whose trade with her and, still more, through her with Spain, was considerable. Both countries being thus bound together by the ties of mutually beneficial commerce, Portugal was, as Napier puts it, "virtually an unguarded province of England," and, what was more, could be invaded overland by marching through Spanish territory. By what appeared to be a most fortunate combination of circumstances, Napoleon, whose lucky star seemed to be in the ascendant, was willingly induced to embark on an undertaking which in the end proved to be his ruin.

That extraordinary man Manuel Godoy, who, from a gentleman-trooper of the Royal Guard, rose to be Prime Minister of Spain, to command armies, and to receive the still more extraordinary, though real, title of Prince of the Peace, notwithstanding the fact that he was a soldier and the principal instigator of war, at this time made proposals to Buonaparte which exactly suited the ambitious designs of the latter. The suggestions were, to take Portugal, depose the reigning family, and divide the country into three principalities, of one of which he, Godoy, was to be the acknowledged ruler as he then was the virtual ruler of Spain; for Charles the Fourth, by means of the Queen's influence, was completely under this adventurer's control. Godoy's propositions, if carried out, would not only throw open the road to Portugal by way of Spain, but also offered the assistance of the Spanish armies to aid Napoleon, who, seeing how much his own plans, which embraced, as it turned out, great dynastic projects

over Spain itself, would be advanced by the arrangement, accepted the proposals, and they were embodied in the secret convention of Fontainebleau, ratified by Napoleon on October 29th, 1807.

But this was not all; the Spanish reigning family itself, with singular infatuation, seemed bent upon its own ruin, by seeking Napoleon's arbitration in their own private quarrels. On October 11th, 1807, Charles the Fourth's eldest son (afterwards Ferdinand the Seventh and father of the ex-Queen Isabella¹) wrote to Napoleon, complaining of Godoy's influence over his father in the affairs of the nation; and, as a bribe to so powerful an arbiter, proposing himself as a husband to a princess of the Emperor's family. Hardly had his letter been read, when King Charles himself also sought Napoleon's arbitration, accusing Ferdinand of intended matricide.

Spanish affairs were naturally in a very distracted condition, for the *liaison* between Godoy and the Queen seems to have been well known, and to have become a great public scandal, with the result that Ferdinand, the heir to the throne, became the popular favourite of a proud and aristocratic nation, who resented being ruled by a *parvenu* through the influence of an abandoned Queen's infatuation and her dominating power over a weak and imbecile husband.

The French troops had already entered Spain, in anticipation of the Fontainebleau treaty; and the first step had been taken in that Peninsular drama which was to be fruitful in many a bloody fight, to exile an Emperor and one of the mightiest warriors the world has ever seen, to

¹ The abolition of the Salic law by Ferdinand in favour of this daughter Isabella, to the exclusion of his brother Don Carlos, was the origin of the two long Carlist wars which have since taken place in Spain.

dethrone three reigning sovereigns, to replace rightful, if in two cases incapable, rulers on the thrones of Spain, Portugal, and France,¹ and lastly, to cover with undying glory that British army which at its commencement was, strange as it may now appear, despised at home and absolutely ridiculed abroad.

The chief *rendez-vous* of the French armies was Bayonne, in the south-west corner of France near the Spanish frontier. This interesting old town, under the shadow of the Pyrenees and within five miles of the now fashionable Biarritz, is a place of considerable strength, commanded by an important citadel on an eminence overhanging the right bank of the tidal Adour, which washes the walls of Vauban's fortifications surrounding the town itself on the opposite shore. Here Napoleon came on April 14th, 1808, but he did not stay here long; "I am horribly lodged," he wrote to Josephine, "and I am going in an hour to instal myself in a country-house half a mile away." This country-house was none other than the celebrated Château de Marrac, in which took place so many curious events in a singularly eventful period. It is now a ruin, having been gutted by fire in 1825, and the picturesque grounds are occupied as a park for the artillery of the garrison. Here it was, on the banks of the silver Nive, that the scene occurred, a little later on, when the King of Spain, his Queen, and Ferdinand, having been decoyed into visiting the Em-

peror at Bayonne, found themselves his prisoners. The last named was called upon to renounce his claim, as the King had already done, to the Spanish throne in favour of Napoleon; but had refused to obliterate his name and race from the Sovereigns of Europe. Thereupon King Charles, Godoy, and the Queen, who were but puppets in the Emperor's hands, were introduced to brow-beat Ferdinand into submission; and there and then it was that the shameless Queen, probably in fear of Napoleon's punishment of her husband, her paramour, and herself, if his wishes were not complied with, outraged all decency in a scandalous harangue addressed to her son, telling him to his face and in presence of her husband, a younger son, and those assembled, that although he was her son, he was not the King's offspring. She accused him of intended parricide, and demanded of Napoleon the punishment of the "traitor" and his associates.

Napoleon presently stopped this disgraceful scene, when it had gone far enough for his purpose of bringing the Royal Family still further into contempt among the Spanish people, with these words: "I confer on Ferdinand the crown of Naples, and on Don Carlos [a younger brother of Ferdinand] that of Etruria, with one of my nieces in marriage to each of them; let them now declare if they will accept this proposal." Don Carlos replied that he was not born to be a king, but an Infant of Spain. Ferdinand hesitated, whereupon the Emperor sarcastically remarked, "Prince, your choice lies between compliance and death." Ferdinand was given six hours for consideration; but with such an invitation it is hardly to be wondered at that he signed his abdication in Napoleon's favour.

Little can be said for either

¹ Ferdinand the Seventh was afterwards restored to the throne of Spain, John the Sixth to that of Portugal, and Louis the Eighteenth placed on the throne of France. Napoleon himself, on his way to Elba, was hooted and attacked by the populace in the south of France, so much so that he had to be disguised in an Austrian cavalry uniform. Eleven months later he was again received with open arms.

Ferdinand or Charles; nevertheless it should be remembered that there was no chance of fighting for their kingdom, for the French had already, by various tricks and devices, hardly worthy of a friendly nation or even of an honourable foe, taken care to seize all the important fortresses in the north of Spain which lay between them and the capital, and furthermore rendered the escape of the kidnapped King and his son impossible.

But with all these new schemes on hand, Napoleon had by no means abandoned his original design of striking at England through her commerce, and humiliating her as a nation. He ordered our friend, the Prince-Regent of Portugal, to close his ports to British trade, to dismiss the British Minister, to confiscate the possessions of all Englishmen in his country, and to imprison the merchants, with the alternative of instant war if he disobeyed; and in order to emphasize the demand, he placed an embargo on all Portuguese ships in French ports, until an answer should reach him. What was the Prince to do with a mixed French and Spanish army even then knocking at the gates of Lisbon? The ports were therefore closed, all English property sequestered, and Lord Strangford, our Minister, embarked in one of the ships of a British squadron, which at once carried out a rigorous blockade of the Tagus.

The Prince Regent, however, soon discovered that although the Emperor had forbidden him to leave his dominions, he had no intention of allowing him to continue to rule over them. A sentence in the *MONITEUR* warned him of his fate: "The House of Braganza has ceased to reign," he read one morning, and forthwith, accepting the inevitable, he took the hint by claiming the protection of his former allies. He embarked and sailed for the Portuguese possessions

in Brazil,¹ escorted by four men-of-war belonging to that British nation against which he had, but some hours before, closed his ports. As he dropped down the wintry tide of the Tagus, on November 29th, 1807, he saw his country's flag torn down from the citadel, and replaced by the Emperor's eagles.

In the year 1808, then, when Napoleon was at Bayonne, he had by stratagem or force become arbiter of the fate of the two kingdoms, for his brother-in-law Murat, with a brilliant force of cavalry, was by this time master of Madrid, which he had occupied on the ridiculous plea of being on his way to Cadiz to embark his troops on board the French fleet. But although Napoleon was all powerful on land, the sea, thanks to the British navy, was still free, and fortunately the Peninsula possessed a long coast line, on which succour could be thrown to aid Portugal in her struggle for freedom, and eventually for the assistance of the whole Peninsula, when the Spanish nation should at length awake to a sense of her own humiliating position and a perception of who were her real friends. English gold in profusion, arms, equipment, and stores, had already been despatched to Portugal, and a force of nearly thirty thousand men accompanied the British fleet which hovered off the coast from the Bay of Biscay to Gibraltar. Such was the state of affairs when Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to the command of all the troops embarked, (some nine thousand being under his immediate orders) without any definite direction as to where he was to land, or what he was to do.

¹ Some years afterwards, he returned from Brazil to reign over Portugal as John the Sixth, but his son was created Emperor of Brazil, from which position his grandson was quietly removed by a bloodless revolution so lately as 1889.

He disembarked at the mouth of the Mondego river, about half way between Lisbon and Oporto, on August 1st, 1808, but ere this had taken place, he had, by some extraordinary vacillation or confusion in the Government, been deprived of the chief command, which was given to Sir Hew Dalrymple, with Sir Harry Burrard and Sir John Moore also placed above him, leaving him fourth in order of seniority. Nevertheless, he pushed inland, got in touch with, and drove in the French picquets at Brilos on August 15th, and two days later won his first Peninsular battle, by defeating part of Junot's force at Rorica, inflicting a loss of six hundred men killed and wounded, including the French general commanding among the latter, and taking his position, with a loss of nearly five hundred of his own force which numbered but four thousand men! Four days after this, having been reinforced, he won the important battle of Vimiera, defeating Junot himself and capturing thirteen guns, a general, and several hundred prisoners. During this action, an untoward circumstance, naturally to be expected from the contradictory orders of the Government, occurred. Wellesley was superseded by the arrival of Burrard, and he again by Dalrymple, the best results of the victory being lost by the change of command and consequent abandonment of Wellesley's plans. The Peninsular war was now well launched.

Such was the prelude of that great struggle which, after six years and a hundred fights, forced its author to abdicate, and resulted a year later, in his giving himself up a prisoner to the nation which he had by every means in his power endeavoured to humble and to ruin.

But let us return to Bayonne; while Napoleon was apportioning Europe, dethroning sovereigns, and

giving away kingdoms at will, besides having one European war on his hands and another in immediate prospect, it might reasonably be thought that this marvellous man had enough to do, but as we shall presently see, he managed to find time to enter into much local business, and some pleasure, while staying at that ancient Lapurdum where in the third century a Roman cohort had also amused itself. Unfortunately there was no newspaper published at Bayonne in 1808, except an unenterprising Spanish sheet which was entirely under Napoleon's control; otherwise French journalism would probably have furnished us with the customary details of his dinners, and we should possibly have learned also the colour of his pantaloons as well as of the rusty old greatcoat in which he took his constant walks about the quaint old town, with its narrow tortuous streets, high houses, and party-coloured jalousies swinging from the many windows.

Our own Black Prince had a hand in the building of the handsome cathedral, in which his coat-of-arms (three leopards) still appears on the groined roof of the nave. A simple bridge of country boats, at the junction of the smoothly-flowing Adour with its more beautiful and rapid tributary the Nive, then connected the citadel with the town itself, while the green glacis without the walls then, as now, furnished the usual promenade for the border townfolk both Basque and Bayonnais, Labourdin and Navarrese. Napoleon had reached Bayonne on April 14th, 1808, and Josephine had joined him from Bordeaux a fortnight later. Not a day passed that he did not make a tour of the streets and environs, sometimes mounted, often in a carriage accompanied by her, and always attended by an imposing staff and glittering escort. He

pursued the most unexpected routes, invariably returning by a different road, and keenly observed all he saw.

The village of Boucau, on the right bank of the Adour about two miles below the town, was a favourite resort, and here, as at the *Chambre d'Amour* near Biarritz, he used to play with Josephine like a school-boy in holiday-time, chasing her along the sands, and pushing her into the sea at the edge of the tide, until she was up to her knees in water; and this too, often in view of the boatmen, or others who happened to be watching their light-hearted gambols. Happy himself in those moments of innocent enjoyment, it is but a sorry reflection that at this very time he was also employed in dethroning kings and destroying the happiness of nations. But little recked the crowd of golfers which frequents the high plateau of the lighthouse at Biarritz to-day, that early in the century the Dictator of Europe and his wife bathed and played together on the Plage below; or, that the English Guards, in pursuit of his army, threw out their piquets, a year or two later, on the very ground where now they tee their golf-balls.

In front of the *Chambre d'Amour*, which was a cave (now no longer existing) in the cliff where two lovers were said to have been surprised and drowned by the advancing tide, Napoleon and Josephine, also to all appearance lovers, passed many a pleasant hour together. "He," says Lieutenant Niegolewski of the Polish Light Cavalry of the Imperial Guard, "used to hide her satin shoes on the sands while she was in the water, and not allow us to bring them to her, but make her walk from the beach to the *calèche* bare-footed, which gave him immense delight."¹ She, too, al-

though no longer in her first youth, for she was then in her forty-fifth year, being six years his senior, was equally full of fun, as an amusing little incident, which occurred at the time, will well illustrate. A harpsichord in the *Château de Marrac* requiring to be tuned, a man arrived one morning to attend to the instrument. Josephine, simply attired, entered the room, watched him at his work, and, leaning with her elbows on the harpsichord, entered freely into conversation, to which the tuner was nothing loth. She asked him many questions about his work, in which she seemed to take much interest. Gradually the conversation warmed into compliments on the gallant tuner's side, who thinking he was captivating one of the lady's-maids, assured her that the Empress, (whom he had never seen before) was not half as pretty as she was, and was on the point of following this up by proceeding to embrace her, when suddenly the door opened and the Emperor entered. Both he and the too-daring young tuner took in the situation at a glance, the latter promptly escaping without his tools as fast as his legs could carry him, and followed by peals of joyous laughter from Napoleon and the Empress, who essayed in vain to call him back from the balcony.

Although the divorce of Josephine, which occurred in the following year, had probably long ere this suggested itself to the Emperor's mind, as a probable means of leaving a direct heir to his throne, there can be but little doubt that he still retained much of his original affection for the attrac-

half a mile of the *Chambre d'Amour* as the site of her bathing-villa, which soon brought the fishing-village of Biarritz into notice as a fashionable watering-place. The visitor may now take up his abode in this villa which has been converted into a large hotel.

¹ Half a century later another gentle Empress of the French, who is happily still among us, fixed upon a spot within

tive woman who had, in the early days, first noticed the almost unknown General Buonaparte, introduced him to a grade of society (such as it was) higher than his own, sympathetically encouraged him in all his ambitious projects, and taken a real interest in every success he attained. Scandals there were and had been, such as Monsieur Masson tells us of in Egypt, when Napoleon's unblushing infidelities were flaunted before the eyes of his staff (on which served his step-son Eugene Beauharnais), his army, and the world, in the most public manner. But for all this, and in spite of his monstrous cold-bloodedness in love or war, this man of iron had yet kept much of his early regard for her who had helped him in many a difficulty and soothed him in many a trouble in times past.

Napoleon's energy was prodigious. Nearly every morning at an early hour he might be seen, dressed in an old top coat with a bundle of papers under his arm, threading the narrow streets of Bayonne, intent on some business, which most men in his position would have been content to leave to those officially charged with its conduct. But we know that in no art more than in that of the soldier "is completeness of detail the perfection of work." A few buttons missing from the proverbial gaiters may cause the loss of a great battle; and we have only to look into the Duke of Wellington's Despatches, or into the writings of the great soldiers of our own day, such as Lord Wolsley's *SOLDIER'S POCKET-BOOK*, or Lord Roberts's *FORTY-ONE YEARS IN INDIA* to see that the smallest detail is not too small for their attention and forethought.¹

¹ A capital instance of this may be found in a long letter addressed by Napoleon, two days after his arrival at Bayonne, to Vice-Admiral Decrès, his Minister of Marine, rela-

Ferdinand of Spain and his brother Don Carlos arrived on April 20th, 1808, and were lodged in the Place d'Armes, the chief square of Bayonne. They were soon followed by the Prince of the Peace, who occupied a villa at Beyris in the suburbs; while for King Charles and his Queen, who quickly joined him, the Maison Dubroeq, (a name still familiar in Bayonne) had been prepared by the Emperor, than whom, says our chronicler, no one was more particular as to etiquette, as the following letter to General Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Palace, will fully bear out.

Bayonne, April 30th, 1808.

Give orders that the troops shall be under arms from the town gate to the quarters of King Charles the Fourth. The Commandant of the town will receive him at the gate on his arrival. The citadel, as well as the ships which are in the river, will fire a salute of sixty guns. You will receive King Charles at the door of his house; the aide-de-camp, Reille, will act as governor of the King's palace; one of my chamberlains will also wait for the King, as well as Monsieur d'Oudenarde, equerry, who will have charge of the carriages; Monsieur Dumanoir, chamberlain, will place himself at the service of the Queen. You will present to the King and Queen those of my officers who are on duty near their Majesties. Nothing should be missing, and let them be provided for at my own expense and from my kitchen; one of my stewards and one of my cooks will be detailed for this duty. If the King has cooks, they will be able to assist mine. The governor of the King's palace will take his orders every day; there will be a piquet of cavalry and guard of honour; there will be placed at the gate two mounted cuirassiers. P.S.—The civil authorities of Bayonne will also go to the gate of the town to receive the King.

tive to the port and shipping at Bayonne, to the coasting-trade to Bordeaux and to Lisbon, and to other naval and commercial matters. As the letter is much too long for quotation I must refer such of my readers as may feel any curiosity on the subject to M. Ducère's work.

Here again we have the man, who was then called the Ruler of the World, condescending to the veriest details which might have been entrusted to an equerry or adjutant of the day; and yet this is the man who ten years earlier, writing to his brother Joseph from Egypt, declared himself weary of life,—*A 29 ans j'ai tout épuisé.*

Thus were these poor Spanish Royalties received with every outward mark of distinction that courtly attention could bestow, little dreaming midst the plaudits of the Bayonnais, who thronged the streets and crowded round their cumbrous old Spanish vehicles to salute them, that they were making a last royal progress from a throne towards a paltry state of pensioned prisoners in France; or that Napoleon had, prior to their arrival, sent for the editor of the only newspaper and given him his cue in these words, with regard to Ferdinand: "He is very stupid, very vicious, and a great enemy to France. You feel that he has the habit of managing men; his twenty-four years' experience has not, however, been able to impose upon me, and a long war would be necessary to make me recognise him as King of Spain."

After his first visit of etiquette, Napoleon cleverly described his royal guests to Josephine in these pithy words, which of course the lady's maid Mademoiselle Avrillon, heard quite by accident, as also did the valet Constant: "The King has the Bourbon type of face, and the air of a really good stamp of man; as to the Queen, she is very ugly, and with her yellow skin she looks like a mummy. She has a false and wicked expression, and one cannot imagine any one more ridiculous, for although sixty years of age, she wears her dress *toute décolletée*, and short sleeves without gloves; it is disgusting. Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, resembles a bull, and has some-

thing of Daru about him."¹ On the other hand the lady's maid considered the royal *protégé* a fine man, a favourable female opinion which is qualified by General Marbot, who says, "he was small of stature and of no distinction, although he lacked neither elegance nor ability." Charles of Spain, when he returned Napoleon's visit, displayed no nervousness as the Emperor met him with all ceremony at the foot of the steps of Marrac. The King descended from his lumbering old Spanish coach drawn by mules, with some trouble, for he had an ailment of the leg; nevertheless he stood for some time receiving, and pleasantly returning, the respectful salutations of the crowd with that easy air which is born of high position and so well became this good-natured old gentlemen.

"One was struck," says our narrator, "with his commanding stature, the look of kindness imprinted on his features, and the polished manners of a man who felt himself a King wherever he was. Any one would have known him as a Bourbon and a Frenchman, in the middle of Spain." He was, however, almost as foolishly infatuated with Godoy as the Queen herself. When dining at Marrac, he at once observed and commented on the absence of the Prince of the Peace whom the Emperor had purposely excluded from the list of guests, whereupon Napoleon turned with a slightly contemptuous smile to the Prefect of the Palace, and directed Godoy to be sent for. Charles enjoyed the frequent banquets given by Napoleon, and on these occasions ate largely of everything that was offered to him, although, as Constant remarks, he had the gout. He would call out to the Queen, as each dish was approved, "Louise, take some of this,

¹ Count Daru was the Intendant of the Imperial household.

it is good," which much amused the Emperor, who had a very moderate appetite. The King took exception to vegetables, remarking that grass (*Pherbe*) was only good for beasts. He drank no wine, but had three glasses, filled with hot, tepid, and cold water, placed near him, the contents of which he mixed and drank, when at the proper temperature for his palate. In the evening the Queen's appearance was peculiar in the extreme from her extraordinary toilette; and Josephine, out of kindness and with a hope of making some little improvement, proposed to send Monsieur Duplans, her *coiffeur*, to give the Queen's attendants some lessons in hair-dressing. This was accepted, as also many necessary little gifts for the toilette, and on her Majesty's reappearance she was much improved, but hardly attractive, for that, we are told, was impossible, with her short stout figure, hard rasping voice, and badly chosen dress.

The Château de Marrac was the centre of a brilliant circle in those days; every room was occupied, and lights glittered in every window. On Josephine's arrival there was a grand illumination, the town was thronged with Spanish notables and court-officials, while dinner-parties, balls, and receptions were of nightly occurrence. The Emperor was surrounded by a brilliant staff, and court-functionaries and ladies-in-waiting attended the Empress on all occasions. Pomp and show were everywhere in the ascendant, and side by side with the downfall of a monarch gaiety reigned supreme. The beautiful park of Marrac was full of life and movement from an encampment of Imperial Guards and local guards of honour, which closely surrounded the house; for it was thought that being so near the Spanish frontier (only fourteen miles away), a sudden attempt to carry off the Emperor might be made,

in the same way as he had himself carried off the Duc d'Enghien from neutral territory but four years previously, and shamefully executed him in the ditch of Vincennes, after a mock trial at the dead of night.

To watch this camp beneath the windows of the *château* was one of the chief relaxations of the naturally light-hearted Josephine and her attendants. The camp-cooking, the duties, and the amusements of the soldiers, were all novel and interesting to her, especially the game of *drogue*, much affected by the men at that time, which consisted of balancing, while standing on one leg, a washerwoman's clothes-peg on the tip of the nose. To vary the scene, in both dress and language, soldiers of the Mameluke cavalry, which Napoleon had embodied in his guard, were not wanting. Roustan, his favourite Mameluke orderly, was there, four of whose compatriots had been chosen, four years before, to strangle the unfortunate General Pichegru in his Paris prison, which they effected in true Oriental fashion by tightening his neck-cloth with the leg of a broken chair. Consequent on the soldiers being so close to the *château*, a laughable occurrence took place one evening. There was a ball at Marrac, and the windows were thrown open to admit the cool night air, when suddenly the music ceased, and two sentinels, who were pacing their beat below, saw a beautiful young lady run out into the balcony in her ball-dress, evidently to enjoy the refreshing breeze without. She was quickly followed by an officer in the uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guard, who, placing himself beside her, affectionately saluted her, when he suddenly became aware that the two sentinels, transfixed with amazement at perceiving that it was the Emperor himself, had seen the incident. "Shoulder arms!" shouted

the Little Corporal, in a tone of instant command, "right about turn"; which was mechanically obeyed, and the two soldiers remained immovable with their backs to the balcony, looking into space, long after Napoleon had returned to the ball-room. They were so found, fixed and immovable as statues, when the relief came round an hour or two afterwards. The idea of these two soldiers of the Guard standing motionless in the night, with their backs to the *château* and gazing steadfastly at nothing, because they had been the accidental witnesses of an Emperor's indiscretion, is irresistibly comic, and savours more of *opera-bouffe* than of real life.

It was in this park that Napoleon delighted to review these same troops, and others on their way to Spain, for the amusement, and indeed instruction, of his visitors. On these occasions his face would light up, and his whole manner change into that of the born soldier in his true element; and he instilled, as if by magic, into the men before him the extraordinary personal enthusiasm and confidence which he himself felt in their presence. It is on record that at this time, when his soldiers, who disliked the war in Spain which was justly unpopular in the French army, arrived at Bayonne in a discontented condition, they would, the very day after being reviewed by him, march across the frontier to Irun singing merrily in the ranks and apparently perfectly happy. As the French put it: "His presence was by itself enough to revive courage; a single one of his words could kindle the love of glory in every heart."

How greatly have the glories of Marrac fallen from those brilliant days! The creeper-covered ruins of the *château* have lately become the hiding-place for the petty pilferings of an insignificant thief. Neverthe-

less no visitor should leave Biarritz without seeing the remains of this historical building, which originally erected by Marie-Anne, widow of Charles the Second of Spain, was occupied four years before Napoleon's arrival by the celebrated French Marshal Augerau, Duke of Castiglione, when Marbot was his aide-de-camp.

Napoleon having wrested the crown of Spain from its rightful owners, as we have seen, lost no time in despatching them to the respective residences which he had selected for them in France as prisoners of State. In less than a month after his arrival at Bayonne, Ferdinand was escorted to Valençay, and on the following day (May 12th, 1808) his unprincipled mother, King Charles, and the Prince of the Peace, left for Compiegne.

In the meantime Napoleon had peremptorily sent for his brother Joseph, who, reluctantly quitting his books and his quiet life as King of Naples with many just forebodings, reached Bayonne four weeks after the Spanish royal family had left it. The Emperor met him in great state on the road, and conducted him to Marrac with every sign of distinction likely to impress the Spanish visitors with his high estimation of their future king. Joseph spent a month in forming his court and household, receiving deputations, consulting the members of the Junta who had been brought to Bayonne to meet him, and generally making arrangements, under his brother's guidance, for taking up his arduous and unsought position as King of Spain. On July 9th Napoleon accompanied Joseph and his imposing cavalcade of guards, grandees, counsellors, and courtiers along the royal road to Spain as far as Bidart, the well known and picturesque village near Biarritz, where, five years later, the author of *THE SUBALTERN* fought with our gallant 85th Foot under

Wellington at the battles of the Nive. Here he bade adieu to Joseph, taking from his uniform the cross of the Legion of Honour which he had worn at Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland, and fastened it on to his brother's breast. The members of the Spanish Junta accompanied Joseph in three detachments, one party each day in advance, one always with him, and one bringing up the rear, while French troops, from the several garrisons on the way, met him and lined the route. So long as Joseph was near France and the Emperor, he was well received by the Spanish people; but the further he travelled from the French frontier, the less was the welcome displayed and the more his *cortège* dwindled, until July 11th, when he entered Madrid without a single Spaniard in his train except the Captain-General of Navarre. The very next day he wrote thus to Napoleon: "There were two thousand men employed in the Royal stables; all have left, and from nine o'clock yesterday I have not been able to find a single postilion. The peasants burn the wheels of their vehicles so that they cannot be used; and my servants, even those who were supposed to wish to come with me, have deserted."

But it is not my purpose to follow further the eventful fortunes of King Joseph, or of his illustrious brother, who, after visiting St. Jean-de-Luz with Josephine, where he looked into everything, and ordered many public works to be carried out, quitted Château Marrac and Bayonne on the day on which Joseph entered Madrid. The Emperor and Empress passed through Puyoo and Orthez to Pau, where, in contrast to the new King of Spain at Madrid, they were received with the utmost enthusiasm, to which the triumphal arch at the entrance to

the town bore testimony in this inscription, *Hommage de la ville de Pau à Napoleon le Grand.*

Napoleon had sent his armies into Spain with these grandiloquent words. "Soldiers! after triumphing on the banks of the Vistula and the Danube, you have passed with rapid steps through Germany. This day, without a moment of repose, I command you to traverse France. Soldiers! I have need of you. The hideous presence of the leopard¹ contaminates the Peninsula of Spain and Portugal: in terror he must fly before you. Let us bear our triumphal eagles to the Pillars of Hercules; there also we have injuries to avenge. A long peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labours, but a real Frenchman could not, ought not, to rest until the seas are free and open to all." These promises were not quite fulfilled. On the contrary that despised British army, which was thought at the commencement of the campaign to be totally unfit to meet any French force, valiantly aided by the Portuguese, and with some assistance and much obstruction from the Spanish, swept the French, as every one knows, out of the Peninsula. Speaking generally of the results of Napoleon's designs against Great Britain, it may be noted in conclusion that, though his Army of England did not quarter itself in London, the English army did encamp in the Bois de Boulogne, where, as Lord Palmerston was himself a witness, the men did some damage to the beautiful trees in the Hyde-Park of Paris.

W. HILL JAMES.

¹ *Leopard* was a common expression of Napoleon's to denote the English and originated in the three leopards (now called lions) forming part of the Royal Arms of England.

A GENERATION OF VIPERS.

For centuries our history has, on the whole, been in the hands of writers who, unlike Dr. Johnson, were determined that "the Whig dogs should have the best of it." The statements made by the chroniclers of the winning party, the party of the Reformation and the Revolution, have become strong with the strength of scarcely disputed tradition, and are reinforced by the eloquence of Macaulay and Froude. Thus the views of men and things which were taken by Knox, Buchanan, Pitscottie, and other Protestant partisans, are still the popular views. The Catholic and national party of Scotland which, in 1543-46, inherited Freedom's battle from Wallace and Bruce, is regarded as a mere band of selfish, corrupt, and bigoted men. In contemplating the cruelty of their persecutions of the Godly, we lose sight of the character of the Godly themselves.

What manner of men, then, were the politicians of the English and Reforming party, the enemies of Cardinal Beaton, the allies of Henry the Eighth? It would not be an abuse of language to call them a Generation of Vipers, a crew of trebly-dyed traitors and turncoats. They do not, of course, appear in this light in the pages of Knox and of Mr. Froude, or in popular tradition; but it is thus that they show in authentic letters and documents. Of all the traditions those of the House of Douglas are most erroneous and misleading. They are dominated by the memory of Bruce's friend, the Good Lord James, and of the chivalrous hero who fell at Otterbourne. In

fact the House of Douglas, as a rule, was treacherous and anti-national in an extreme degree. The son of Bruce, and the representative of the Good Lord James, conspired together in an attempt to hand Scotland bodily over to Edward the Third. The treason of generations reached its climax in Sir George Douglas, the brother of that Earl of Angus who married Margaret, sister of Henry the Eighth. In this gentleman's life, in THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY, it is mildly observed that his countrymen accused him of bad faith. Mr. Froude represents him and his brother as persecuted men, "the most worthy subjects" whom James the Fifth possessed; Sir Walter Scott calls him "a man of spirit and talents." In truth George Douglas was the most astute, double-faced, and dangerous of paid spies and informers. He was the leading reptile among the politicians of the early Reformation in Scotland. The conduct, and policy of these men is now laid bare, in the two volumes of HAMILTON PAPERS and in the STATE PAPERS, and I propose to examine the squalid romance of Sir George Douglas, and of that "earnest professor of Christ Jesus," Crichton of Brunston.

The Douglasses had been banished from Scotland by the *coup d'état* of James the Fifth, in 1528. For fifteen years they had been the paid men of the English King, had seduced from their allegiance many of the Border clans, and had been active in the defeated raid of Haddon Rig, where George Douglas narrowly escaped capture. A great plundering

invasion of Scotland by the English followed, and James prepared for reprisals which ended in the disastrous rout of Solway Moss, and in the King's broken heart and death.

There is no more amusing contrast than that between the true facts about Solway Moss, and the fancies which Mr. Froude (in ignorance of documents to him inaccessible) borrowed from the history by John Knox. On November 24th, 1542, a great Scottish force was defeated near the Esk, was driven into morasses, lost its leaders, who were taken captive, and was robbed in its flight by the men of Liddesdale. How did this occur? "Miracle of an offended God," cries Knox, who was a good enough Scot to doubt whether his country could be so disgraced without a supernatural vengeance on the "bloody butchers," "the beastly Bishops." On this picturesque hypothesis Knox arranged his narrative. He could not know that the Scots were merely sold by their countrymen, by Sir George Douglas and others.

Coming after Knox, and necessarily ignorant of papers then concealed in Hamilton Palace, Mr. Froude followed Knox's version of an affair which the Reformer well remembered, and, as it were, laid his modern colours thickly over Knox's canvas. It might have occurred to a person of Mr. Froude's opinions that miracles do not happen, and that Knox's miraculous tale was therefore to be distrusted. But Mr. Froude did not adopt Knox's consistent theory of the direct wrath of Jehovah; he gave Knox's facts, without Knox's miraculous explanation, by which alone the story could be made credible. The result is a tale which, one feels, cannot conceivably be true, and, fortunately, can be proved not to be true. The real circumstances were simple and natural, and these circumstances I will now proceed to

explain. According to Knox, when the Scottish barons, except Thirlestane,¹ declined to invade England after the retreat of the English, early in November, 1542, James dissembled; he praised their prudence, but determined on revenge. He held a council of his clerical advisers at Holyrood, and they handed to him a scroll containing the names of noble heretics. James accepted it, and proposed that, if the clergy would find means for a raid on England, without the nobles' knowledge and consent, he would be a firm friend of the Church for ever. "There concurred Ahab and his false prophets," and it was decided that the West Borders, about Carlisle, should be attacked, while none but the clerical advisers should be privy to the plot till the very day of execution. The Cardinal and Arran were to make a simultaneous demonstration and diversion on the East Border, near Berwick probably. The King then put the scroll of proscribed heretics (including Arran) "into his own pocket, where it remained unto the day of his death and then was found."²

Mr. Froude accepts this tale, which I shall show to be nonsense. "Beaton," he writes, "drew up a list of more than a hundred earls, knights, and gentlemen, whom he represented to be heretics, and to meditate a design of selling their country to England. To cut them off would be a service to Heaven, and their estates, which would be confis-

¹ "Hence his high motto shines revealed,—
'Ready, aye ready,' for the field."

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL, canto iv.

Oddly enough Scott misquotes from Lord Napier's charter, granting "the tressured fleur-de-luce," the date of July 27th, 1532; the year was 1542, and the month November. The charter exists only in a later copy, and has been matter of dispute among antiquaries.

² KNOX'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND, i., 82-4.

cated, would replenish the deficiencies in the treasury. . . . The secret was scrupulously guarded. Letters were circulated privately among such of the nobles as were of undoubted orthodoxy. . . . The order was to meet the King at Lochmaben on the night of the 24th November [a wrong date]. No details were given of the intended enterprise. A miscellaneous host was summoned to assemble, without concert, without organisation, without an object ascertained. . . . Ten thousand men gathered in the darkness under this wild invitation."¹

No wonder they were defeated! As Knox has it, "The multitude knew not anything of the purpose till after midnight, when that the trumpet blew." But none, or very little, of this is true. The multitude, of course, is not usually told of strategic intentions, but the object of the raid was no secret. The English had received full and accurate intelligence, and had made deliberate preparations. Indeed the whole legend is false on the face of it. Knox and Mr. Froude represent the clerical council, with Beaton, and nobles of undoubted orthodoxy, as alone in the secret. Yet, according to Knox, Arran, one of the proscribed, was to co-operate with Beaton on the East Marches. Again, Cassilis and Glencairn (both on the scroll) were informed, for both fought at Solway Moss, and both were captured, as Knox and all historians agree in reporting.

Now the only contemporary account of the famous scroll of proscribed heretics was imparted, in 1543, by Arran to Sadler, the English ambassador.² Arran told his preposterous fable for a purpose. He wanted to prove to Sadler that *he* would not be

the man to liberate the Cardinal, then in prison, and the proof was that, if he did, he would again be "in danger of the fire" for his religion! According to Arran, his own name headed the list of proscribed (if they were proscribed, but Sadler only says "accused of heresy") and was followed by the names of Glencairn, Cassilis, and three hundred and sixty other gentlemen. Not even James could have ventured on such a sweeping *coup d'état*. But, granting the fable of the scroll, by Knox's own admission the clerical secret of the raid was entrusted to the chiefs of the heretics, Arran, Glencairn, and Cassilis. This destroys the whole theory of a Catholic and orthodox secrecy, which James was to pay for by the death of the heretics who were not admitted to the scheme. Both Mr. Froude and Knox knew that Arran, Cassilis, and Glencairn were acquainted with the raid, and took part in it, or in the diversion on the East Marches. But this did not at all prevent Knox and Mr. Froude from making the inconsistent statements about the careful guarding of the royal and clerical secret.

Mr. Froude next describes the military events. "The arrangement had been laid skilfully, so far as effecting a surprise. The November night covered the advance, *and no hint of the approach of the Scots preceded them*. They were across the Esk before day-break, and the Cumberland farmers, waking from their sleep, saw the line of their cornstacks smoking from Longtown to the Roman Wall [really from Esk mouth to Oakshaw hill.] The garrison of Carlisle, ignorant of the force of the invaders, dared not, for the first hours of the morning, leave the walls of the city, and there was no other available force in readiness. . . . There were no men-at-arms at hand; but the farmers and their farm servants had but to snatch their arms

¹ Froude's HISTORY OF ENGLAND, iv., 187.

² SADLER PAPERS, I., 94.

and spring into their saddles, and they become at once 'the Northern Horse,' famed as the finest light cavalry in the known world. As the day grew on they gathered in tens and twenties. By the afternoon Sir Thomas Wharton, Lord Dacre, and Lord Musgrave [Sir William is meant] had collected three or four hundred." The Scots were disorganised and without a leader; Oliver Sinclair was proclaimed general, whereat "every common clan follower felt himself and his kindred insulted;" the dusk fell, a cry that Norfolk was on them arose, and in the darkness ten thousand Scots blundered into Solway Moss; "the tide," writes Mr. Froude, "was flowing up the Solway," but surely the tide does not reach Longtown.

Thus three or four hundred farmers, though taken by surprise, routed ten thousand Scots. There was the miracle; this is what Knox understood. If these things occurred thus (which they did not) the miracle was conspicuous. "To the improvident people [the Cumberland farmers]," says Knox, "it was more than a wonder, that such a multitude could have been assembled and convoyed, no knowledge thereof coming to any of their Wardens." But the Wardens knew all about it. "Whosoever has the least spunk of the knowledge of God, may as evidently see the work of his hand in this discomfiture as ever was seen in any of the battles left to us in register by the Holy Ghost." As a miracle the affair of Benhadad was a trifle to Solway Moss. "Very few more than three hundred men, without knowledge of any back or battle to follow, put to flight ten thousand men, without resistance made. . . . Such as . . . beholds not the hand of God, fighting against pride for freedom of his own little flock, unjustly persecuted, does willingly and maliciously obscure the glory of God."¹

¹ Knox, i., 88-9. The Spanish ambassador

Now let us see, from a letter of Sir George Douglas, that evangelical patron of George Wishart, what really occurred. The miracle is that the English, unwarned and unprepared, routed a Scottish army with a handful of hinds and farmers. The truth is that George Douglas, writing from Berwick after midnight on November 20th, gave the English Warden full notice of the secret scheme of invasion. He confesses this in a letter to his worthy brother Angus. A spy of his had sent in a woman with intelligence, and her news destroys for ever Knox's fable about a guilty secret between James and his bishops, and a raid furnished by the clergy and orthodox alone, for the reward of three hundred and sixty heretical heads. The raid was clearly no mystery; according to the woman it had been "Proclaimed upon Friday in Edinburgh [Douglas wrote on the following Monday] . . . that *all* gentlemen with their households should meet the King this day in Lauder, and in likewise proclaimed that the poor men should bring their horses to draw the King's ordinance. . . . I made the Captain [of Berwick] to write this news to my Lord Warden."¹ Douglas then announced his intention of sending in news as it reached him, "as knoweth our Lord God," and, to be brief, England was fully warned, beacons blazed, all the Western Border was gathered, Musgraves, Dacres, Scropes, Crackanthorpes, Lowthers, and Sal-kelds. Thus a well handled English force, of from three to four thousand men, catching a larger body of half-hearted and ill-marshalled raiders in retreat, drove them into a place where they could not deploy, and Solway Moss was lost and won.

George Douglas returned to Scotland puts the numbers of the English at four thousand.

¹ HAMILTON PAPERS, i., lxxiii.

land, preceding his brother Angus, after the death of James. At this point the most singular of his treacheries was practised in regard to Cardinal Beaton. Though Beaton had failed to be appointed to the Regency, and was, at first, on ill terms with the Regent Arran, yet Arran had made him Chancellor of Scotland, dismissing the Archbishop of Glasgow.¹ He kept, of course, his place in the Council. This promotion of Beaton by Arran is obviously inconsistent with Arran's later tale of Beaton's forgery of the late King's will. Even Arran could scarcely detect a man in a forgery, and, within a fortnight, depose the Archbishop of Glasgow to make room for the forger as Chancellor.

Even before Angus joined Sir George Douglas in Scotland, that worthy announced his hope "to have the Cardinal by the back within this ten or twelve days."² The two men had met; the Cardinal had professed friendship, and then had tried to undermine Sir George in Arran's opinion, which circumstance Arran confided to Douglas. They would "pluck the Cardinal from his pomp," and send him to Henry. Meanwhile the victim was dining peacefully with Sir George, "at Andrew Otterburn's house in Edinburgh."³ By January 28th Lisle announced to Suffolk that the Cardinal had been arrested at the Council-board. Sir George Douglas had sent the news, adding that the captive was to be taken to Dalkeith, a stronghold of the Douglasses. He was really placed in charge of Lord Seton at Blackness, and the vague reason given for his imprisonment was that they had got "matter" against

him. In truth no evidence was ever produced, and the Cardinal was merely the victim of George Douglas, working as a servant of the English King. The clergy and Commons petitioned Parliament for the Cardinal's release, unless he were proved guilty of treason against the Crown, which never was proved. He was next allowed to return to his own Castle of St. Andrews, Douglas vowing to Sadler, the English ambassador, that the purpose was, first to get easy access to the Castle with its treasures, and then to drag Beaton off to Tantallon or Dunbar. "It is the most ready way that can be devised both to lose the Castle of St. Andrews and him with it," as the Privy Council wrote to Sadler. This, indeed, was precisely what occurred, and was intended to occur. The Cardinal, the dreaded enemy of Henry, was now a free man in his own place of arms.

How was this managed? Sir George Douglas swore to Sadler that Huntly had secured a warrant from Arran for Beaton's release, but that with his own hands he had torn up the document. Arran, for his part, declared solemnly that he was guiltless of letting the Cardinal go free; for was he not now in danger of the fire, as a heretic? The fact appears to be that Douglas had first outmanœuvred and arrested Beaton, without any real evidence against him, in the interests of England; and had then sold back his freedom to the Cardinal, in the interests of himself. "How George Douglas hath handled that matter, himself best knoweth" as Henry wrote to Sadler.

Probably the truth about the Cardinal's escape was told later by Sandy Pringle, a Scot, and a spy of Parr's: "The said Sandy says the Cardinal told him that the fifth day after he was committed to ward [about February 1st, 1543], he gave to George

¹ This appears from Douglas's own statement to Lisle, reported in Lemon's collection of State Papers, February, 1543.

² Lisle to Henry the Eighth, January 21st, 1543; HAMILTON PAPERS, I., 391.

³ HAMILTON PAPERS, I., 389, 399.

Douglas four hundred crowns." Sir George regularly received his wages from England, but he was not averse to turning an honest penny by betraying his English employers. On getting the four hundred crowns he allowed the Cardinal to be placed, not in the strong house of Dalkeith, but in Lord Seton's hands at Blackness. He then agreed with Seton to let the Cardinal go free to St. Andrews, on terms involving certain profitable marriages. The Cardinal gave his bond not to leave St. Andrews without Arran's permission; "And thereupon George Douglas and the Laird of Grange rode to St. Andrews and released him from that bond." So the Cardinal had laid out his four hundred crowns to profit. The Laird of Grange, a great favourite of John Knox, was soon in the conspiracy to murder the Cardinal, whom he had just helped to deliver, and by whose side he rode.¹

Leaving Sir George Douglas to go on betraying alternately his country and his English employers, we may glance at a very dubious transaction of his friend, the pious Laird of Grange. The evidence here is that of Crichton of Brunston, a patron of George Wishart the Martyr, and perhaps the basest scoundrel of his time. Brunston Castle, which this miscreant had built, or re-built, is now a mere shell of a keep on the Esk, above Penicuik, and is no longer a possession of the Crichtons. The Laird, before Solway Moss, was himself a creature of the Cardinal's; he had not then found grace, it would seem, or become an "earnest professor." Just after Solway Moss, on December 12th, 1542, Lisle wrote to Henry that Brunston had returned from a mission to France, "and brought from thence little comfort."

¹ Parr to Suffolk, September 13th, 1543; HAMILTON PAPERS, ii., 40

When Arran became Regent, and the Cardinal lay in prison, Brunston shifted sides, and was much in Arran's confidence, and an ally of Sir George Douglas. He was accredited by Arran to Henry on August 31st, 1543. The moment was critical, as Arran had just proclaimed Beaton for a traitor. Brunston was in England when, a day or two later, Arran suddenly deserted the English and went over to the national party and to Beaton. Brunston probably sold himself in England, for, on his return to Scotland, he became Sadler's man and the most zealous of his spies. Yet he was still on confidential terms with the Cardinal and with Arran;¹ what he hears from them he promptly betrays to Sadler, or direct to Henry himself. On November 25th, 1543, he sent a singular piece of news. Arran and Beaton had gone to the north of Tay, to punish, or win over, certain lords, such as Gray and Ogilvy, who had been sacking monasteries, and otherwise showing attachment to the cause of Protestantism and England. These Lords would not meet Arran if he had the Cardinal in his company. "The Cardinal, seeing this," says Brunston, "in the meantime laboured so by rewards and other false means that he dressed the most part of the gentlemen that was with the Lord Gray, in company, to his purpose, and thereafter caused the Governor [Arran] to appoint a new tryst." Gray, with his friends and servants, knew nothing of the Cardinal's practice, and thought that they were strong enough for Arran and his men. They therefore agreed to meet Arran, but only in the fields, "where they, thinking to have the most part of their will, and to have done the King [Henry] service acceptable, were falsely betrayed."

¹ HAMILTON PAPERS, ii., 161-2.

Brunston clearly means that Gray and his friends, not knowing of the split in their party, hoped to do service acceptable to Henry by seizing Arran, or Beaton, or both, at the tryst. These services Henry was constantly demanding from his Scottish pensioners. But the Cardinal had bribed Gray's followers, according to Brunston, so Gray, the Earl of Rothes, and Balnevis, instead of trepanning Arran or Beaton, were captured themselves. It is not easy to be certain what part was played in this game by the godly Laird of Grange. Brunston does not name him; Knox speaks as if he was in the Cardinal's party, "knowing nothing of treason," and was sent from that party to remonstrate with Gray.¹ Was Grange bought by Beaton, or anxious to trap Beaton, or only, most inconsistently for an earnest professor, a member of Beaton's party for the time? At all events, in some six months Grange was intriguing with Brunston for the murder of the Cardinal. Grange, in fact, was very versatile. In November, 1543, he was with Arran and the Cardinal, according to Knox, in their expedition against Gray and Rothes. In April, 1544, he was deep in Brunston's murder-scheme. In November, 1544, he was at the Parliament held by Arran and the Cardinal as against the Douglasses and the partisans of Henry. In May, 1546, he was allied with the Cardinal's murderers. For a staunch Protestant, Grange was not a very "close walker."

Brunston, in his letter of November 25th, 1543, recommended to Henry some useful men, such as John Charteris, (a murderer²), and the Laird of Calder in Mid Lothian. "Divers other barons and gentlemen, my neigh-

bours," Brunston had also won over to the English side. The Lothian lairds, who, as Knox says, were "earnest professors of Christ Jesus," were led by Calder and Brunston, who, with one Wishart, were engaged in a plot to murder Beaton in the spring of 1544. Grange, the Master of Rothes, Charteris, and others active in the same famous conspiracy, were offered £1,000 by the English Privy Council for their services.¹ This was late in April, 1544, but, early in May, Brunston and certain lairds of Lothian, all earnest professors, were in arms with the Cardinal against the invading English.² Brunston and his neighbours must evidently have kept on good terms with the man whom they meant to assassinate.

Then a pleasant thing happened. Brunston sneaked out of Edinburgh, to communicate with Hertford, the English general, "but one of the watch, having espied him, shot an arrow at him, and hurt him in the thigh, so that he was fain to return for fear of his life." Back he limped next day, with offers from his friends, the godly of Lothian, advising Hertford to seize and garrison Edinburgh. He next appears as a spy on Sir George Douglas himself, or at least as reporting his movements when the English wanted to kidnap him, and in a fortnight we find him acting as Sir George's emissary to Henry. By the end of 1544 Brunston had received a cypher for his traitorous correspondence. He shirked the battle of Ancrum Moor, in which the English were defeated, by adroitly falling from his horse and hurting his arm. In the autumn of 1545 Brunston and Lord Cassilis were using the same cypher in a new plot for murdering the Cardinal. Brunston and Sadler alike discussed the selling of the Scot-

¹ Knox, i., 115.

² That is, if he is the murderer "John Charterhouse."

¹ STATE PAPERS, v., 377, 378.

² HAMILTON PAPERS, ii., 363.

tish daggers for this purpose in the jargon of Puritanism, "the *patois* of Canaan." Lord Cassilis was a devout patron on whom George Wishart much relied, to his ruin. The Earl had recently carried evangelical principles to the length of laying hands on the Abbot of Glenluce, and seizing the abbey. As Cassilis was not only a murderer in intention, but was as treacherous as the rest of his party, and a robber of the Church, the motives of his Protestant zeal are easily discerned. It was Wishart's misfortune to be mixed up with Cassilis, Brunston, Calder, Ormiston, and that group of the devout in general, and patronised by Sir George Douglas. The godly party presently slew the Cardinal, in whose Parliament several of them had lately sat, but the suspicious absence of letters at this date prevents us from knowing whether Brunston had a finger in, and was paid for, this "acceptable service to God" and to Henry.

In August, 1548, Brunston, "with a trusty stomach outwardly," was advising Somerset to invade Scotland. Yet he appears to have been in trust and favour with the party which was resisting England.¹ Surely no man ever ran with the hare and followed with the hounds more skilfully than the Laird of Brunston. Thus in 1545 (November 8th), Arran was paying him £44 for his services to Scotland, while he was actually negotiating with Sadler for Beaton's assassination. He was one of three pious men who, according to Knox, sheltered George Wishart the Martyr; another of the three was Ormiston, also a persistent traitor to his country. Knox writes, of the year 1548, "God did plague in every quarter, but men were blind, and would not, or could not, discover the cause." So blind

were men that "the Lairds Ormiston and Brunston were banished, and afterwards forfeited," no doubt a cause of plague from a Protestant Providence. Brunston must have been dead by December, 1558, when he is described as "the late Alexander Creighton," and his son is restored in his estates.

George Douglas went over in appearance at least to the Scottish national party, while still intriguing with England; but the English, outwitting him, seized his castle of Dalkeith. Brunston also till he was banished, still played his double game, as did Ormiston. Such men as these, with Grange, Calder, Charteris, and the rest of the crew, were the singularly blessed instruments of the early Reformation in Scotland. As to Douglas, Knox mentions that, just before Beaton was murdered by Norman Leslie and the Kirkcaldys, the Douglasses were believed themselves to have planned his death, but it failed. Nevertheless, when the other good men did slay Beaton, and were holding out in his castle of St. Andrews,—a band of earnest professors—"the Earl of Angus and George his brother were the first that voted that the Castle of St. Andrews should be besieged." This seems inconsistent walking to Knox, but first, the Douglasses wanted the Cardinal's abbey of Arbroath, and next, the would-be murderers were jealous, no doubt, of the successful assassins, who must have secured the Cardinal's treasure with his castle.

One is naturally anxious to know whether this gang of miscreants had really any religion at all. Knox tells us that Sir George Douglas, after hearing a sermon of Wishart's cried, "I will not only maintain the doctrine but also the person of the teacher to the uttermost of my power;" of course he did not keep his promise. Ormiston, Calder, and Brunston

¹ HAMILTON PAPERS, ii., 619.

listened to Wishart's "comfortable purpose of the death of God's chosen children," and joined with him in singing the fifty-first Psalm, on the night of his capture. The son of Ormiston was carefully "exercised" in a catechism by Knox, and in the Gospel of St. John, at the Castle of St. Andrews, among the murderers of the Cardinal. The worthy Laird of Grange and Norman Leslie, when prisoners in France, refused to be present at the Mass, as a thing "against their conscience." The mild

Erskine of Dun had distinguished himself by slaying a priest. The consciences of these professors were oddly framed, and the politicians of the Scottish Reformation (as distinct from sufferers for doctrine, like Patrick Hamilton,) do certainly present a singular problem to the psychologist and the student of morals. With such men had that "bloody wolf," Cardinal Beaton, to do, which may prove that he might blamelessly have been bloodier.

ANDREW LANG.

THE SPANISH PEOPLE.

JOURNEYING not long since, as a third-class passenger from Corunna towards Madrid, I had for fellow-travellers six Spanish soldiers invalided from Cuba, a very remarkable Asturian peasant in a black jacket and knee-breeches, the gloom of which was extraordinarily balanced by a blue satin waistcoat with large gilt buttons, and a young girl, a friend of the Asturian. For hours I was preoccupied by the latter; he had such a strong quaint face and so rare a nose. He and the girl (a modest creature, with the beautiful pensive eyes one distrusts so abominably after one's first bull-fight) took it by turns to sleep. Her little head would nestle for an hour on his capacious shoulder and her mouse-like noises (no one could call it snoring) soothed the rest of us. But anon he would shake her off and lay his coarse cheek by hers, as if to make it plain to the world with what a gross proboscis his parents had sent him forth into a world that is not as a rule courteous towards eccentricity.

So it went on throughout the night. The soldiers chattered of their wounds, their aches and pains, and of "accursed Cuba." They were not discreetly clothed, the blue cotton jackets of Havana by no means keeping them fitly warm in the cold morning hours of the exalted province of Leon. But,—and this was the trait in them, after their politeness, that most prepossessed me in their favour—each of the six carried a clean pocket-handkerchief, and indeed seemed as refined in his ways as a nobleman.

Froissart found the Spaniards "envious, haughty, and uncleanly;"

but then he found the English "vain boasters, contemptuous, and cruel," and the Scots "perfidious and ungrateful." It is not for us therefore to cast the stone and say that Alphonso the Thirteenth's people are still precisely what they were in the fifteenth century.

And yet some of Spain's villages, to say nothing of the towns, are matchless in their combination of certain modern improvements and a magnificently audacious tolerance of the decrepit and the filthy. The electric light has established itself in many a place where a large proportion of the houses would be condemned as unsafe by the inspector of an English borough, and in which to pass from the door of your inn (such an inn!) to the rough middle of the street, you are compelled either to wade through a black stinking sewer, or to jump it. Likely as not too, you may see half a dozen sallow little boys and girls (Spain's hope for 1920), sitting on the banks of the sewer, with their bare toes dabbling in its ooze. The broad-hatted parish priest in the cool of the evening promenades this same street, uncovering his head to and smiling at such of his flock as show him the like respect. He is the epitome of the locality's culture, and he inhales the peculiar air as if it were a sea-breeze.

This, however, is nothing. If you want to see a very rousing spectacle, you should journey to the country town of Puebla de Sanabria, among the mountains of the Vierzo. The town is far from a railway, but it is the capital of a district and occupies an

impressive situation on a rock in the midst of the narrow valley. When Señor Sagasta gives a banquet, he sends to the neighbourhood of this town for trout. Otherwise, it has now no national celebrity; its glorious old castle at the summit of the rock is barred up and left to decay at leisure. But it is the pigs that give Puebla de Sanabria its individuality. The town's main street terraces upwards, a thoroughfare of supreme unevenness, and from the valley to the castle door you meet placid recumbent pigs almost at every yard. They lie about like the cats in the Lisbon streets, and no one interferes. They sit on their hams at the thresholds of the houses and, when the whim seizes them, stroll into the dwellings, with curious little spasmodic twistings of the tail. They even climb the stairs like the two-legged inmates and, again when urged by the whim, take the air on the agreeable old balconies above. Thence, from amid hanging creepers and household crockery, their long slate-blue snouts peer down upon the passer-by with a critical air that is curiously offensive. This, mind you, not in a poor little hamlet like those of Connemara, but in the chief street of a district capital of Spain, with an assuming town-hall close to the swine. And yet no one cares. The air here, which ought to be as sweet and fresh as that of Skiddaw's top, reeks with ordure. In other Spanish hamlets one has to say "By your leave" to the bronzed porkers and tinkling goats which block the thoroughfares; but in Puebla de Sanabria the pigs resent the hint that they are in the way. It is you who intrude; their grunts, ranging from complaint to challenge, tell you that quite unmistakably if you attempt to stir them either with your boot or your walking-stick.

The old church of this town has for

pillars at its portal four life-sized granite figures, two being mailed crusaders and two interpretable at a venture as ecclesiastics. Without wishing to be rude to Spain in the present, one may affirm that when these effigies were worked into their place, Puebla de Sanabria was a sweeter town than it is now. The local baron of those days was bound to be a more efficient administrator than the local subordinate rulers of these days.

It is in such slumberous, foul, human hives of Spain that they still go to the expense of clean glazed tiles for the labelling of their public edifices. A church is thus ticketed *Church*, the cathedral *Cathedral*, the town-hall *Town-Hall*, and so on. There would be a certain amount of sense in putting a ribbon across the back of the mayor for the year, with the word *Alcalde* upon it; but that is not done. If there is a public clock in the place, it is short of a hand, or of the weights, or it insults everyone by lying systematically day after day and month after month. There is no apparent energy in the town save at the fountains, and that is woman's gossip. The men share the shade with the more hot-headed of the pigs and smoke cigarettes in silence.

Such in a measure is Provincial Spain. The lottery, the approaching saint's day, the bull-fight of the next Sunday in the nearest town, and of late years the most recent list of recruits for Cuba,—these are the absorbing topics of the place and the hour. And the provincial Press reflects the tone thus created. These poor little flimsy sheets exist penuriously on advertisements of English sewing-machines, English hair-lotion, and English pills. They are ostentatiously free from enlightenment; it is as if they were subject to a censorship which forbade them to be august but dull and trivial.

And yet the curious thing is that the farther you get in the Peninsula from Spain's elevated capital, the better as a rule are the roads and the more cheerful the tokens of national prosperity. San Sebastian, which is well nigh in France, is characteristically Spanish only in the small relic of its older parts. Its tall red and white houses in regular streets and avenues breathe of opulence and perfect cleanliness. To be sure, this is the Brighton of Spain, and no doubt the fact that the Court loves it and that the little King rides his bicycle along its well-kept roads stimulates the town's authorities. But also it is much frequented by foreigners, who may, without extreme presumption, be supposed to bring with them a few irresistible civilising influences.

And as of San Sebastian, so of Cadiz, Corunna, and Barcelona; they are all far from Madrid and life pulses in them gaily. The thoroughbred Castilian, if a Spaniard first of all, would scorn to ascribe their high spirits to the zest aroused in them by mere trade; but it must be confessed that it is just in these commercial towns, where the yoke of Catholicism lies lightest upon the necks of the people, that the lament about the nation's backwardness as a whole is loudest. It seems a monstrous thing that their progress should indicate only the more emphatically the obstinate immobility or the regular decline of the bulk of the Peninsula.

The approaches to the capital are sentinelled by such famous dead cities as Burgos, Zamora, Salamanca, Toledo and the like. One and all, these make the sensitive traveller shiver as he gropes among the ruins and the damp unnecessary (because deserted) churches which take up most of the space within their walls. Of course it is excellently picturesque, —this association of castellated walls,

open drains, mouldering church towers, Moorish houses and flower-decked heaps of rubbish. But after a time one has a surfeit of mere sentiment and would fain (almost) cover these desolate areas with rows of houses and tall-chimneyed factories, and animate them with a throng of factory-hands. This would at any rate show the industrial spirit, without which no nation may nowadays be great. And Barcelona gives us a brave example of a city which can be busy without being as ugly and murderous to enthusiasms as so many of our own manufacturing towns.

Also round about Spain's capital are those tell-tale palaces of the Escorial, La Granja, and Aranjuez. What they have meant for Spain, only Spain knows. Even in the time of Philip the Second, when gold was still pouring into the country by the shipload, the people grumbled at the extravagance of that sinister monarch in raising a palace just where no one else would have thought of building one, with a cost proportionate to the strangeness of the site. A century later Philip the Fifth did the same thing at La Granja. Millions sterling were spent in removing rocks and laying out gardens, again at the people's expense. The holiday folk who on saints' days exclaim with admiration amid the fountains and rose-trees of Aranjuez do not of course trouble to think how badly Spain's kings in the past have used them. But to the stranger the truth becomes very intimate after a time. The deadliest part of the wrong lies in the chain set upon the nation by its religious guides. These condemned enterprise and activity of thought as sins: orthodoxy and submission were the only virtues; and so poor Spain, prone to grow perforce with the growth of the rest of Europe, has been dosed with narcotics and kept

stunted, and to this day is in the main medieval in its aspirations and its pride. One reads still on the church-doors many such appeals to the weaker parts of human nature as this, with coarse woodcuts of flame-environed sinners above the money-box for which the appeal is made: *There is no comparison between the torments of this life and the deep agony endured in the mansion of Purgatory. Therefore, mortals, appease the Supreme Judge.*

At Burgos I chanced to see a commonplace burial in the cemetery with an affecting and significant sequel. The dead man, in his black and yellow box, was pressed with some constraint into the trench prepared for him, and lay sloping so that the head was less than a foot below the level of the ground. There were two mourners, both men, and one, after a distressed remark about the grave's shallowness, collapsed into tears on the shoulder of his companion. The grave-digger shrugged and observed that it was not his fault; there were others below; he dared dig no deeper. This said, he began to shovel vigorously at the heap of soil, bones, and scraps of clothing which were to form the deceased's last terrestrial covering. But now, of a sudden, a bystander interfered with passionate eagerness. It was abominable, such carelessness, such disregard for the tenderest feelings of the human heart, such official coldness and so forth. The grave-digger dropped his cigarette, leaned on his spade-handle, and stared. The mourners also seemed surprised. But, with a shrug on his part also, this amiable champion of the lowly now with equal suddenness apologised for his heat. "It does not matter after all, my friend," he said to the more tearful of the mourners. "You lie quiet with the same ease here, like

this [pointing to the tilted coffin] and like that." The *that* was a mortuary chapel with Gothic pinnacles, door of iron and stained glass, and with a neat altar and a carpeted praying-chair inside. Then the amiable bystander went his way, and the grave-digger turned again to his spade. It was a very conventional revolt against the hardness of circumstances, ending abruptly in the conventional murmur of *Paciencia!*

So in Segovia, in one of its climbing alleys, I was one day admiring the shaven buttocks of an ass upon which a variety of careful patterns had been wrought, either by singeing or with a knife. It must have been a most laborious business to turn the ass's hind-quarters into such a work of art,—a lace-like device resembling some of the fascinating sculpture of the beautiful tawny cathedral towers. But from a passage now came forth the ass's owner. Down went the poor brute's ears in painful expectation, and the biped swung a bludgeon upon the embroidery. It was blow, blow upon this pretty pattern all up the alley, until the pair were out of sight.

Remembering this and much else, I could not dissent from the statement of a reasonable native of Talavera with whom I talked at dinner in the railway-station of that ancient and mildewed town. I had just ridden through miles of cork-forests blue with flowers, and was almost drunk on the natural beauty of the land. "Sir," said this gentleman, as he fingered the unripe peaches in a dish, "we are not a practical nation. I am sorry to confess it, but it is the truth. And we must suffer the consequences."

Nevertheless, I had only a little while before paused in the midst of Talavera's broken towers and walls crumbling to the Tagus, and looked

long at a massive church of considerable architectural interest, with the bells plain in its belfry and the cross on its steeple. But, coming nearer, I found that the church was now ticketed *Fabrica de Cerillas*; that it was in short a factory of those infamous small wax vestas the lighted heads of which fall into the striker's hands or on his clothing as if they were meant to do so. For one penny the law gives you precisely fifty of these cunning vestas, which are a government monopoly. Not a practical people, forsooth!

Moreover, at this same railway station of Talavera, the government official who issued the tickets passed me a bad dollar among my change. That too was a very practical proceeding indeed. The notorious politician Gonzalez Bravo, in apology for his profligate irresponsibility as a statesman, remarked, "Is it not absurd to be always the same?" One must excuse something to a people who can so readily justify themselves to themselves, and who, more than any European people, have played both high and low parts in the dramas of the Continent.

Froissart, in his estimate of the Spaniards, says nothing about their integrity, or their lack of it. The aforesaid incident of the bad dollar recurs to mind. It was neither the first nor the last thing of the kind I received from government servants in the course of a six weeks' tour in the country. For this pleasing little trait, the nation at large must not be blamed. From all accounts, the disease of peculation still has its centre amid the more considerable personages of the country. This disastrous cancer has not quite killed Spain, but it has been long trying to deprive it of all credit in the esteem of the bulk of Europe.

When gentlemen who wear ermine and scarlet and hold State portfolios

do not mind sacrificing their honour and the nation to their own pockets, one can hardly blame the lower orders for not being quite straight. Spain's people are, however, and seem at all times to have been, more respectable than their rulers. There is not that mean pilfering of the stranger here that there is in many parts of Italy. Count Beust, when Austrian Ambassador in England, was much taken with a simple epitaph in one of our country churchyards which declared that the deceased was "as honest as was consistent with his human nature." Upon the whole, Spain is rather more honest than one would expect from its circumstances.

Thrice only, apart from the governmental bad dollars, did I in the course of my jaunt through the land have any reason to complain of my treatment in this respect. Once was at Vigo, where in spite of the local municipal placard in the hotel specifying the hotel's charges, I was offered an objectionable bill. This was soon put right. I pointed to the placard and, with a smile, they agreed that there was a mistake. The Alcalde himself would have paid the revised bill without a murmur.

The second time was at a country town. Here I bargained with a cultured cobbler that he should take and send to me certain photographs of his native place. He accepted my *pesetas* and my address, and mentioned a saint or two as guarantee of his determination to fulfil his part of the contract. But he has not kept his promise, and he declines to correspond on the subject.

The third occasion was more trivial still. I was riding in the Gredos Sierras with a delightful guide, who abounded in paradoxes and mirth, and loved wine. Sancho helped himself to my special little comforts, including my more expensive cigars.

There were other cigars bought on purpose for him. These he took pleasure in presenting to humble persons or individuals with whom he fraternised for five or ten minutes at village inns. Furthermore, he told the dame at one inn to charge me the same for his bedroom, which was the stable, as for mine, which was the attic; he would be passing that way again some time. He may even have been more iniquitous still; but he made amends for all by terming me *caballero perfecto* to my face in his various gossipings with others, and by laughing with me when I exposed sundry of his indiscretions.

The country which irritates the stranger in his pocket no more than this is not radically depraved. If Spain defaults in her exterior national debts, it is not the Spanish people proper who are to blame, but they who have had the pleasure of spending the money represented by this debt and who are responsible for the honest administration and development of the country.

As touching the haughtiness of the Spaniards, much might be said. Reserve seems a more gracious word for the quality. Lady Burton said of her husband, the late Sir Richard, of remarkable memory, that he was "so beautifully reserved." Thoreau, Emerson, and many another good man, has lauded this same quality, which the average Spaniard, not town-bred, certainly possesses in an unusual measure. He does not cheapen himself by indiscriminate familiarity. It is not given to all people to be hail-fellow-well-met with the rest of the world, and it is not thus given to the Spaniard. And, candidly, this deficiency suits him and is a recommendation of him rather than otherwise.

There is moreover a good deal of shyness in this much-descried Spanish pride. "We Spaniards," said to me

an estimable provincial gentleman at Pontevedra the beautiful, "are afraid of trying to talk any other tongue than our own, for fear of committing a *tontería* (seeming foolish)." This same gentleman lost himself in superlatives in praise of the adventurousness and perseverance of the English. He made it appear that he thought it condescension in Englishmen travelling in Spain to trouble to speak Spanish. He may have been serious, or merely a prey to the rashness of a shy man whose tongue has run away with him; in either case he showed the breeding of a gentleman.

But to the Spaniard it would seem very odd that an Englishman above all should mention Spanish haughtiness as if it were a demerit. He forms in fact just the estimate of us that we have of him. "You must have everything in order, and you are so cold in your manners," was a remark in the mouth of a Castilian that rather amused me. The poker might almost as well taunt the tongs with stiffness.

The remark was made as the pair of us sat on the low wall round a famous conventual church, the architecture of which we were supposed to be studying. The sky was one unclouded blue above the yellow building. Three little acolytes, with white laced surplices over their greasy scarlet gowns, were playing kick-the-stone on the pavement by the church-porch, and at least twenty of the lame, diseased, and blind (a harrowing company) sat like ourselves on this low wall and watched the little choir-boys placidly. In the porch itself two in-offensive persons were eating cherries, adding to the many hundreds of cherry-stones already on the pavement. A large rosy-faced priest passed towards the church from the road, through the decrepit company upon whom he smiled complacently.

He did not disturb the scarlet acolytes, but he cracked a few more cherry-stones with his broad feet cased in thick buckled shoes, nor did he seem to notice their presence as anything out of the common. Then two men passed us carrying on their heads a blue coffin with gilt paper trimmings to its edges. About a yard of the trimming had got detached and fluttered in the breeze; the men smoked cigarettes while they trotted on with the coffin.

It was altogether a somewhat confused little vignette of life in Spain thus visible from this convent wall. But how much the more natural for its confusion! My companion was right. Relatively, we have, in England, a diabolical love of order. What in the world for example would British choir-boys have done if they had been thus caught at sacrilege by their High Church vicar!

There is scope for large treatment of the subject of character moulded, or at least restrained, by climate, as illustrated in our friends the Spaniards. We Britons, in considering these children of the hot South, do not sufficiently appreciate this influence. The sun saps their energies, while ministering to certain of the more unprofitable of their passions. Hence they have never, since civilisation came to the land, known anything of that superior sense of freewill and personal potentiality the lack of which keeps them a dwarfed and somewhat pitiable people in the opinion of many Northerners. Italy has tasted the delirious joys of independence, of freedom from the shackles of a millennium, but Spain not yet. Perhaps, however, the

majority of us others, if we lived always under Spain's blue skies, would become as limp, listless, and resigned to the control (good or bad) of the more vigorous few, and as indifferent to what we reckon the great material aims of existence, as the most typical of Spaniards.

Civilisation does not seem to suit Spain. Only here and there about the country has it taken any root, and even then the effect is somewhat theatrical. This is fine for the mere tourist, who cries out for contrasts and fillips to his own precious self-esteem; but it is unfortunate for Spain, compelled to live either at peace or discord with the other nations of the world. Meanwhile, it is well that there is so much good old-fashioned muscle and bone and virtue in Spain's various provinces. No one can doubt that the Spanish stock, as seen in her peasants, is among the best of its kind anywhere. The tawny gay fellows on muleback who sing along the road; the garrulous, if not over clean, village inn-keeper, his wife, sons, sons' wives and children's children, among whom, a vast genial gathering, the stranger may, if he will, eat a good salad and drink wine in the most picturesque of kitchen interiors, perhaps to the tinkle of a beggar's guitar as well as the ceaseless domestic chatter; the little dark-eyed boys and girls who shout from their doorways, *A Dios, caballero!*—they have comeliness and character even if they are short of education and, like their fathers before them, believe slavishly in their blue and gold village Madonna and their rubicund broad-hatted parish priest.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

A COMEDY OF PIRACY.

It will be obvious to any man who goes with his eyes open over the hilly country lying between the central ridge of moorland and the northern coast of Cornwall, that the physical properties which to this day deprive the land of any aptitude for commerce must have been a singular blessing in old times, when the advent of strangers was by no means a signal for peaceful trading, but rather for indiscriminate slaughter, for the harrying of homesteads, and the ruin of all industry. Such a traveller will stray along the coast-line from Hartland up and down a dozen break-neck coombes, and find in no one of them more than a tiny brook gurgling out of woods with force insufficient to do more than scatter its waters among the jagged spikes of a cruel reef. He will pass Morwenstow, where never yet ship came to land except in fragments. He will go by Cambeak and the Dazard with a shudder for the fate of any vessel which touches those tall precipices, by Bude which is sometimes inaccessible for weeks, and so reach Boscastle, where a little rocky cove is scarcely to be found except by those who know it well, and for all others is perilous to a degree. From the high cliffs above this little village he will roam on past Tintagel and Trebarwith, thinking that never yet in England has he seen a land so inaccessible to ships, contrasting it with that Saxon shore of the East Country, where the flat-bottomed pirate-boats could be beached on almost any mile of coast from the Humber to Beachy Head; and so he will come at last over a high ridge of

downs above Wadebridge, where he may turn aside a moment from his road to see an ancient camp that lies but two fields off the highway. The mounds and ditches are on one side fairly perfect yet; and if, after walking over them, our traveller looks about to see why an entrenchment was placed on this high ground, he will find the reason lying straight before him. For there, winding away among the hills, stained with rose and purple by the sunset, flows a navigable river, piercing the heart of the country; and he may see a little schooner forging up to discharge her cargo at the wharves of the town which lies just out of sight beneath his feet, exactly as in old days the spearmen who built these ramparts watched for the coming of the pirate-boats up that very water, and, arming hastily, poured down the hillside to meet them at the ford.

But the old camp is dragging us into days too ancient; and it needs not such a very long retrospect to show us that this, the first gateway in fifty miles of cliff, the first river-estuary west of the Torridge, must have been a striking point for all comers into Cornwall, friendly and unfriendly, during the whole range of history. In fact it is a central spot in northern Cornwall; and some day it may happen that its romance will be written as it deserves. For the present it is enough that it rouses curiosity in the mind of our traveller, filling his thoughts with half recollections of the past, and dim suggestions of old dead tragedies, that lead him on down the hill in the soft summer

twilight, till at last he comes out on an old stone bridge of many arches, grey and stained with orange lichens, whence he sees the river valley opened right and left, a little town settling down already to slumber, and on the further river-bank, a couple of boats preparing to slip down to Padstow on the night-tide, as they have done day by day, winter and summer, for more centuries than any one remembers. Our traveller will do wisely to go with them; not only because, of two modes of locomotion, sensible people, not being in a hurry, invariably choose the oldest, but also because on such a summer night, with the harvest moon sailing large and splendid just above the hills, the river valley will be full of silvery lights. He takes his seat in the stern of the foremost boat, and the two cast off. The little town with its black bridge slips away quickly into the background; and the boats follow the windings of the moonlit river in silence broken only by the splashing of the oars, while here and there in the shallow channel a large waste bank thrusts up its shoulder, white and gleaming, through the receding water, till at last the tideway broadens out into a wide harbour set among hills, and on the left hand are the roofs of the long-decayed seaport which is the object of the journey.

Happy is the man who approaches Padstow thus. For in this prosaic age many things around us are improved by a touch of romance; and the town of Padstow, as it stands to-day, can spare its adventitious glamour less than many others. He will be landed on a little dock, round which the houses stand; and if he be sufficiently attracted by the beauty of the night, or distrust the comfort of his inn enough to make him willing to shorten his stay therein, he will wander out past the ship-building

yards along a meadow-path which skirts the harbour, till he sees the open sea at no great distance, and becomes aware that nature had planned for Padstow a great destiny in shipping.

Perhaps this destiny was realised to some extent in very ancient days; for Padstow had its share of reputation, and might have had much more, if only its townsmen could have let their mermaid alone. It is an old story, and a painful one. Somebody shot at her,—I am told King Harry was on the throne, though I should have thought that at that comparatively late date people would have had more sense. At any rate that evening's gunning was fatal to Padstow, for the mermaid disappeared for ever. And no sooner had she gone than a bar of sand began to form in the entrance of the harbour. Right across the mouth it lies to-day, blocking the whole except one narrow channel on the western side, which is dangerous enough even to those who know it well; and the Doom-Bar, which was the mermaid's vengeance, was the doom of all prosperity in Padstow.

So much for affronting mermaids. But it will occur to some who know the western country that the very mishap which rendered Padstow useless to that large class of sailors who like a safe entrance, must have raised it into high favour with those who do not. Let no one dispute that such a class existed in old days. The breed may be extinct now, because the seas are patrolled so carefully that unmixed goodness is the only line of conduct which is either safe or pleasant. But it was otherwise in the spacious days of great Elizabeth, who had either no patrols at all, or next to none, upon these lonely waters; whereby men of the sea were at liberty to follow their own inclinations. What those were

is a matter which we shall come to presently; but for the moment it is enough to say that the owners of them were not fond of being followed, and thus favoured above all others those places to which they could find the way with ease, but others only with difficulty,—such in fact as Padstow became by the vengeance of the mermaid.

Thus it came to pass that Padstow harbour was frequented by a considerable number of excellent and worthy men who had their reasons for avoiding publicity. Indeed, unless the townsmen, who doubtless reprobated all malpractices, had fortified their headland and held it against all comers, it is not easy to see how these visitors could have been kept out; from which consideration it follows that to charge the town with sympathy for piracy was most unjust. Yet this unreasonable charge was brought repeatedly, and on no better evidence than that pirates often came there. Such accusations are much easier to make than to rebut, as the good people of Padstow must often have realised with pain. Such scandal always sticks, and is repeated generation after generation till the last shred of the town's character is gone. But there is fortunately in existence a brown and ancient document in which are set forth the natural and simple explanations of the townsmen on one occasion of suspicion; and it seems well to bring the tale once more to light, so that all men may see how the most ordinary conduct is apt to be twisted by suspicious minds into the semblance of something base.

It all began at harvest-time of the year 1581, and the scene opens on this very meadow-path to which our traveller strayed out to taste the fresh air and enjoy the beauty of the night. The fields sloping to the cliffs can be but little altered, for they

were filled with mows of corn, so the record tells us, and under one of these near the edge of the cliffs sat an old woman, her mind filled with fond thoughts of filial affection. It was midnight, or thereabouts,—an hour at which mothers, who are past the first heyday of youth and health, do not often sit under mows of corn thinking of their sons; but this mother had her reasons, and she was moreover very fond of her son, who had kept his parent's natural affection warm and glowing by sundry little acts of kindness. Such an act she was now anticipating at this mid-hour of the night, and not in vain. For presently a boat put off from a bark which was lying near the entrance of the harbour, and landed at the foot of the cliff two men, who came up into the meadows staggering under some burden which, for greater convenience, they had slung between them on a pole. One might guess, and guess again, without finding out what this weighty burden was which two sailors carried painfully in the dead of night, out of the ship of a notorious pirate and delivered to his mother. Spirits? Gold or silver plate? Plunder of some vessel robbed on the high seas? No such thing; it was a good warm counterpane to keep the cold out of the old lady's bones on winter nights.

It is quite clear that this good old woman could not have carried back to Padstow, all alone, a counterpane so heavy that the joint efforts of two sailors were necessary to bring it out of the boat; and as the sailors belonged to that retiring class already mentioned, who did not like going into towns, she might have been in some difficulty but for the kindness of three of her neighbours, who in the expectation of some such occasion for their services had stayed up late, and come out to the waterside on purpose to help her. Thus between

them they carried the counterpane back to Padstow ; and knowing how fond people are of talking about what does not concern them, and how jealous other mothers would be whose sons were less careful of them, they were prudent enough to hide the good warm counterpane in a disused barn at the very entrance of the town ; after which they all went home to bed.

Now here is an incident so creditable to all concerned in it as to be really charming ; yet it raised an astonishing amount of ill-natured gossip, and there were not wanting persons idle enough to watch the actions of good Mrs. Piers, and connect other proceedings of hers with this little expedition among the mows of corn by the cliff-side. In those days roads were so bad, and communication so infrequent, that even gossip took an appreciable time to spread ; and thus it was long past harvest, and October had come in, before these stories reached the ears of Sir Richard Grenville, at his house of Stowe far up the coast almost on the Devon border. They had a very particular interest for him ; for the Queen had been pleased to appoint him Commissioner of Piracy, which meant not that he was to practise piracy (as some scandalous persons of to-day say he did, together with other sea-kings not less famous,) but that he was to repress it, if he could. Now Piers, this filial pirate, was well-known to Sir Richard, who was doubtless enraged on hearing that the villain had ventured into Padstow harbour ; and being a terrible man in his wrath, as everybody in the West knows still, he had his horse saddled instantly, and with a band of followers rode away through Kilkhampton, Stratton, and Camelford till he came in sight of the river winding among the hills, and so followed its course to the ancient little town he sought.

It is a pity that the record does not tell us in what temper Sir Richard reached Padstow, nor with what face the townsmen saw him come. Innocent men ought not to fear their judge ; but Sir Richard was very terrible, and after all Piers was a pirate, and had been in their harbour. Some hearts must have turned to water as Sir Richard rode into the town ; yet it is well known that those who stand together shall not easily be confuted, and so perhaps they comforted each other.

William Piers, father of the said pirate, was the first witness called before Sir Richard ; and he admitted frankly that he had been on board his son's ship. But why ? Because he too was in any small way a pirate ? By no means ; he was led thither by the most excellent of motives, namely to recover, if he might, a debt of seven pounds which his said son owed a poor man in Padstow. The poor man went with him, and can testify the same ; while to set any doubt at rest, he added that the reverend vicar of the adjoining parish of St. Merryn was also of the party, which proved that there could have been no bad motives among the lot.

It may be that the simple goodness of the vicar of St. Merryn was sufficiently well-known to make this an impressive argument ; though I, who have heard much about the doings of the clergy in lonely seaside parishes in times nearer to our own by two centuries or more, am half inclined to doubt it. At any rate the vicar was not there to answer for himself ; and Piers, feeling that something more was needed to impress the court, added hastily that to suspect him of bad motives was absurd, since it was well known that he had "admonished his said son for his lewdness."

So Piers stood down, with a glow

of self-approval, for it is not every father who has admonished a pirate, and he was entitled to feel proud of having discharged his duty to the State. Into his place stepped his wife, Anne Piers, the picture of innocence and wounded feeling. On shipboard with her son? Certainly! was not she his mother, and could she desert her son when men spoke ill of him? Did she receive goods from him? Oh dear no! What passed between them was mere motherly affection; and on this she dilated till Sir Richard, who knew more of her than she thought, grew impatient, and proved that she was lying. Then it appeared that the little things Sir Richard mentioned had not been in Mrs. Piers's mind at all; but since the court thought it worth while to name them, she would not conceal her son's great goodness in giving her a nice warm counterpane under which she lay at nights. She knew it came from her son, because John Batty said so when he brought it to her in the corn-field by the waterside, and Sir Richard might ask him if it was not so. "But the buttons," roared Sir Richard, "the silver buttons and the plate that thou didst try to sell at Bodmin!" Mrs. Piers was quite puzzled; what could Sir Richard mean? She had no silver buttons, nor had ever had any; poor people did not wear them. And to that she stuck so obstinately that Sir Richard, who had another rod in pickle for her, let her go for the moment and called John Batty up.

Batty, it appeared, had been so unfortunate as to meet with Piers himself one morning when his lawful occasions took him to the seaside about the spot where the pirate ship was lying. He could not have foreseen that Piers would select that moment for coming ashore with a band of men all armed with cullivers; but as for having any talk with him,

except by way of giving a little news of old friends at Padstow, he did no such thing; all that passed being harmless to a degree. And as for being down by the waterside so late as twelve o'clock, he explained, in the most natural way, that a sort of fancy came into his head that he might meet somebody carrying something from Piers, and he thought it well to go and see.

One doubts whether simple kindness and good will toward each other were ever more highly developed in any community than among these Padstow fisher-folk three centuries ago; and Sir Richard, who knew how far different was the estimate formed of them in London, must have felt baffled and enraged. For it was not yet a year since one George Warre had told the Council a pretty tale about one Vaughan, whose name was but too widely known throughout the Channel, and whom Warre accused of having robbed him of his goods at sea, and taken them, of all places in the world, to this very Padstow. Very probably this too was a slander; but Sir Richard knew well what the terrible Cecil thought of such tales. And indeed as he rode down to Padstow, and looked out over the sea from any point of the high ground which he had to cross, he must have seen on the one hand Lundy, lying like a cloud upon the sea some five and forty miles away, while on the other he looked towards Whitesand Bay, as far off in the opposite direction, and marked that Padstow lay midway between these two notorious lairs of pirates; wherefore even the simple and godly men who dwelt on the shore of the secluded inlet which the mermaid had spoiled for commerce might hardly escape contamination if they would. Is it in human nature to see pirates passing constantly without ever stopping them to chat about

the state of business? Sir Richard doubtless thought not; and so yearned to make an example which might keep the good people of Padstow in the strait and narrow way.

He therefore turned his attention to the sailors and called up George Pentire, who came forward open-mouthed about Piers's wealth. Yes, he had been on Piers's ship (he forgot to say what took him there) and Piers had shown him a chest containing fifty pounds, or thereabouts, in gold, and a bag containing, say, twenty pounds in silver. He saw also, in a chest that Piers happened to open before him, a bag containing some sixty pounds more, but no plate at all save one silver bowl from which they drank. Such was George's artless story; and he was followed by his son, who had also been in touch with Piers, but by sheer misfortune, such as might fall from heaven on any one, even on Sir Richard himself. For going in his own boat to Wales for coal, he was taken by Piers, and his boat sent adrift. Having thus made it impossible for young Pentire to go home, Piers kept him on board a fortnight, during which period his proceedings seem to have been scarcely worthy of his reputation, since he stole nothing but victuals save from one cock-boat, of the master of which Pentire admitted that Piers had some money; he did not know how much, some said a poor seven pounds, some more. As for himself he stole away as soon as the ship reached land, and never spoke with Piers again, nor meant to.

There was nothing in this blameless tale on which a Commissioner of Piracy could fasten; and after sounding a few more sailors with no better result, Sir Richard, feeling doubtless that he was going to be defeated this round, produced his chief witness, the vicar of Padstow, who surely of all

men ought not to have turned against one of his flock. Yet so he did, testifying that Anne Piers had been at Bodmin at the time of the last sessions, and then had with her twenty ounces of plate, which she sold there to a goldsmith from Plymouth; but, just as the bargain was completed (so hard was it to do honest business in old days), one of the undersheriff's men swooped down on her and the goldsmith, and seized all the said plate in the Queen's name. There were certainly silver buttons, made four-square, as well as the cover of a great silver-gilt jug, of which last article, however, Anne was left in possession, probably on some plea of having inherited it; but where, one wonders, did she get the buttons? Buttons grow on coats; and coats adorned with silver buttons are not usually given to the poor, even when waxing shabby at the seams. One surmises something in the nature of a forcible transfer. Perhaps the owner of the buttons was also the true possessor of some of the gold and silver in Piers's chests and bags; and if so where was he? But these are idle questions. Prudent people are aware that the mysteries of time are very often dirty puddles, and are content not to stir them too deeply. Still, one wonders at the weight of the good warm counterpane. It would have been interesting to see all its length and width unfolded in that barn at the head of Padstow town.

In the days when this little comedy was played on the wild north coast of Cornwall, there was one charge more terrible by far than that of piracy, more fearful in its punishment, and incomparably harder to rebut. Anne Piers had stood her examination quite blithely hitherto; even the vicar's story of her proceedings at Bodmin, though impugning her character for

strict veracity, proved very little against her. But this was a different matter; and her heart must have sunk when she heard witness after witness called up and questioned whether she had ever been known to be a witch. Any jealousy of her, any small grudge held by a neighbour, could now be fearfully avenged; but the bond of union which had brought Padstow through the ordeal of cross-examination triumphantly up to this point, was strong enough for the new strain. Each witness in turn professed great astonishment that such a question should be asked, and met it with a blank denial. There was no little town in England so pure of witchcraft, it appeared, as this lonely seaport, where one might have thought witches could aid wreckers by their spells just as Madgy Figgy, and others like her, did further west. But no; Padstow showed a united front in repelling the suspicion, and Sir Richard, who seems to have had

no certain information to rely on, was once more baffled. I should not like to declare that he might not find a witch in Padstow if he tried again in the present year of grace; but let that pass.

Here the record ends, probably for the best of reasons,—namely, that there was no more to tell. The whole matter was reported to the Council, in whose hands it lay, regarded doubtless as a fragment of a case against Padstow which might some day be completed, but which has apparently remained imperfect to this day, and now, we may suppose,—so orderly and dull has grown the life along the western sea-coasts—will never be worked up. Is any one impatient of a half-told tale? Then let him give rein to his imagination, and fill up the gaps. It will be an easy exercise; or if it be not, he is wholly ignorant of old sea-life in the West.

A. H. NORWAY.

COUNTRY NOTES.

IV.—THE WORKHOUSE.

It is a long building of a cheerful red brick, which fails to convey an impression of cheerfulness. The windows are uncurtained, and at regular intervals. In front is a prospect of grey, wind-swept road, and there is another prospect of precisely identical, grey, wind-swept road behind. There are rows of cabbages in the front garden; in the back are falling autumn dahlias, planted there by one who died not long ago at her official post in the House, and was troubled towards the end of her life with insistent memories of a smiling early home, and vague yearnings after a beauty not to be found between the dull walls which enclosed her history.

On one side of a wide courtyard (where a very old man is weeding, not uncheerfully,) is the chapel, built in the exceedingly plain, serviceable, and economical style of architecture naturally favoured by the ratepayer, and used impartially for an Anglican service on Sunday mornings and a rousing Nonconformity in the afternoons. Hard by the chapel is the infant school, whence a drone of small voices (answering a catechism perhaps) comes through an opened window into the chilly air; and where within fifty very little paupers, in very little pauper frocks, are sitting in very prim rows, with little anxious eyes fixed on an impassive governess, who has been here so long, perhaps, that the apathy which is of the place has first touched, and then enveloped her. The children sing a song before lesson-time is over, a gay little childish song, and a

certain irrepressible Tommy of four (whose infant spirits are not the least damped by the fact of his having been found abandoned in a ditch at three weeks old, and by having for father, mother, brother, sister and friend, that cold substitute, the State) calls out "Hurray!" when the frozen governess rings a little bell as a sign that playtime has come. Even her cold lips move in a smile, as the jovial Thomas, rather red about his bare legs and his infant button-nose, pushes past his companion in a sturdy attempt to reach the playground first, and then turns very little somersaults in a corner at the instigation of a companion, and to his own rich and simple enjoyment. Someone else, a little girl, in another part of the playground, takes her poor life much less happily, and cries a good deal for something, or for nothing,—it does not much matter which. There is scarcely one of these children who has been wanted in the world, or one who has not come into it with a fine heritage of shame, sickliness, and misery. Yet they play for the most part quite gaily, with a great deal of noise, troubles very evanescent, and little shrill laughs which reach the great kitchens opposite, where a wretched girl (the mother of one of them very likely) stops to listen for a moment, and then goes on scrubbing feebly.

The kitchens are dreadfully bare, clean, and economical as is all this place,—and as all this place should be. Beside them is the dining-hall, with long benches in it, an almanac, a

picture of the Princess of Wales on the wall, and beside her a notice that if inmates have any complaints to make (and it is believed that they are very little given to suffering in silence) such complaints must be made on Board-Day, and to a member of the Board only. The Matron's sitting-room (a very good Matron this one, says report,) may be seen partially through a half opened door, with a low fire burning comfortably on the hearth, a fern on the table, a little case of books and other small and not quite unsuccessful attempts to make a House like a home. Her windows look out on to the Men's Court. By the Men's Court is the Women's, on one side of which an opening door reveals for a moment the great bare room called the Nursery, where a thin girl, with the usual workhouse shawl (looking exactly like a domestic duster) drawn across her narrow shoulders, tends a dozen babies aged, like some other innocents, from two years old and under. She sits, to-day at least, in a chair by the fireside, indifferent enough, with one of them asleep in her thin arms, and a couple more screaming lustily (with the dreadful vigour of the unwanted child who won't die) in a wooden cradle by her side. It is her duty to be here always perhaps; to get one quiet, before another (such a lean, miserable, sickly thing, God help it!) begins crying; to smack the bigger ones perfunctorily, and without any intentional harshness, when they are naughty and worrying, as they always are; for all recreation to look at times through latticed windows into the grey courtyard, with a child still in her arms; to give it up presently to the mother who has been working hard all day in the House, and is necessarily therefore short-tempered and wants to know what's Juley bin adooing to 'im to make 'im look so peaky; and then to

sit down again by the fire for another dreary hour, looking absently into it with dull eyes and the chill shadows creeping into the bare room,—herself an unconscious problem among little crying problems not more unconscious.

Next door to the babies, and much too busy, as a rule, to be disturbed by them, the Sick-Nurse has her room, with flowers here and there, books, an armchair, and, in the doorway, a rosy-cheeked probationer asking permission to go into the country town (four miles distant) to buy herself a ribbon. Nurse, a capable person of five and forty, as different from the romantic ministering angel of contemporary fiction as she is from the Mrs. Gamp of a past generation, is of the opinion for the moment that the House is fuller of a class of imbecile gentlemen (whom she briefly epitomises as *dotties*) than it has ever been before; that such persons are exceedingly trying for a sane woman to live with, and that their deaths are certainly to be taken as an exceedingly happy release,—for their friends. That Nurse treats such persons with the greatest kindness and wisdom is beyond doubt and upon the word of a Board; it is also beyond doubt that long custom has made her so used to sin, suffering, and death that she can talk of them all not very much less indifferently than most people talk of the weather.

Above her room is the Women's Infirmary, a great place, with great windows very high up, gay prints on the walls, the inevitable almanac, the Queen, and a very fresh-coloured Duke and Duchess of York. There is a table in the middle with flowers on it, benches and chairs arranged round the table, an elderly harmonium, a pile of battered hymn-books, and all round the room beds, very neat, and on each an old head in the regulation nightcap. There is a certain mildly

festive air about the place to-day, which announces that it is Tuesday and that little Miss Mary, from the White House, is to come as usual to accompany hymns on the harmonium, and afterwards, also as usual, to read a scripture in her pious voice and bring a little cheerfulness (having nothing else in the universe that she can bring) to some of these poor old bedridden creatures. One of them nearest the door (who has no teeth and an old palsied, shaking head) is understood to mutter presently, with tears, that Miss ain't acoming and why should she come to the likes of us, and I told you as she'd give it up,—which remark a comparatively alert person from the other side of the room answers by the general observation that old Sarah's as mizzy-muzzy as any of you, and in course Miss ain't come when it ain't nigh upon three. Whereon Sarah lies down again rather crushed and mumbles her old self into a doze. Very few of the patients hear this conversation. A great many of them are past hearing anything, have forgotten where they are and who they are, and lie, or so one hopes, not ill-content, dozing and dreaming a little and dozing and dreaming again, living, but hardly alive, hearing on these Tuesdays perhaps the sounds of the harmonium and of the rough singing voices as one might hear them from another world. One old body asks querulously to be moved; and a girl (who, herself an inmate of the place, acts as a kind of assistant to Nurse) with the very misleading appearance, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, of rustic virtue in a story-book, moves her kindly enough, and talks to her with the pacifying good-humour with which some people see fit to talk to a child. Another old woman (with the Duke of York hanging over her bed) wants to know if Laura (which is Rustic

Virtue's name) can tell her if her son will come up to the psalm-singing this afternoon. To which Laura replies with a cheerful mendacity, "In course" (the son having been dead these five and thirty years) and winks at a neighbouring granny (who is enormously proud at having retained her own wits and very indiscreet in using them) to keep silence.

With a little tap at the great door, a cheery nod here and there, books under her arm, little prim black draperies, a Sunday bonnet (because the old people like to see one at one's best), a little air of importance and the kindest smile in the world upon her wrinkled face, Miss Mary arrives at length. She goes round to each bed and says "How do you do" to a few people who can understand her, and to many more who cannot. She receives Laura's smile and curtsy with a good deal of coldness, disapproving upon principle of a sinner so smiling, cheerful, and good-natured, who appears to have quite forgotten her own misdeeds, and in whom a simple sense of humour has survived many much more essential virtues. Laura is sent down presently to collect the usual audience from the rest of the House, and Miss Mary, in answer to a request, and having removed her little gloves and placed them neatly on the mantelpiece, sings *Onward, Christian Soldiers*, to her own accompaniment and in a little faded voice by herself. One or two of the more capable Christian Soldiers in the beds round the room say "Thankee, Mum," when she has finished, and one groans rheumatically. Miss Mary is playing soft chords, with the winter sunshine coming through one of the high windows and touching her plain little face very gently, when an audience, consisting chiefly of old and invalided men, and preceded by the tramp of heavy workhouse-boots, is ushered in

by Laura. Some of them exchange greetings with Miss Mary, and some don't. One (who has in his own phrase "got religion," as well as a swivel eye and a complexion which indicates that he has once upon a time not lived nearly so piously as he feels now,) enters into a conversation with her rather briskly, asks as if they can have "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden" as a lead-off (which they do, with complete gravity) and adds as *he* do hope, whatever's the feelings of t'others, that Miss'll have time to read some Scriptur', which is that comforting as there ain't nothing like it. He sits forward on his chair during the hymns with his tattered book held out well before him, his regulation comforter wound tightly round his dubious neck, and sings with enormous enthusiasm and discord. Perhaps he enjoys the sense of being a leader, and even in this place, for one brief afternoon, of importance, while Miss Mary, who is the simplest of women and yet can't help distrusting him a little, is not the less grateful to him for making so much noise and supporting her own quavering tones so zealously. Most of her congregation are apathetic enough. One old Irish woman indeed, who has taken a chair in the background by the fire, hums quite vigorously a tune (which is certainly not Eden or anything in the least like it) with her book turned upside down, and then, before the last chord has died away, breaks into eager conversation upon her six internal complaints and her past life, starting with the confidence that "I'm Oirish since ye ask it, Honey [Miss Mary having been most careful not to ask anything] tho', begorra, ye couldn't guess it by me spaich. And me husband he were a soldier and a broth of a bhoy, and it's all over the world as I've been with him, and a divil of a toime as

we've had with the rigmint." She is thinking of such times perhaps when Miss Mary begins another hymn, and is thinking of them still, for her book lies unheeded on her old knees, when the hymn is finished. What a change indeed! What a change from that free, gay, easy, careless life with the broth of a bhoy and the old rigmint in India, Malta,—"*iverywhere almost*"—to this narrowed existence with its rules, its cold walls impassable to her for ever, its long apathy and a companionship of feeble creatures who have lost for the most part any interest they must once have taken in the free world beyond. Yet the old eyes, looking very deep for a while into the fire, change back into their normal twinkle after six verses of hymn and a disjointed *Amen*, and Mick's widow ("I buried Mike for shure in Madras in thirty-one") can look up and say, "Eh but it was chape when him and me gave a tay-party and the bhoys couldn't ate for laffing." Miss Mary reads a Scripture after this. A few of her congregation may possibly listen, but whether or no there is a single soul who comprehends is another matter. Laura stands by the door, keeping a good-natured eye on her invalids, saying a very loud *Hush* when one of them coughs aggressively, and looking entirely cheerful, simple, and pleasant, in spite of the sadly close application of the Gospel-story which is being read to her own poor case. Miss Mary's voice falters over it a little. Someone in a bed a long way off says, "Them's good words, them is," and remembers, it may be, how she heard them seventy years ago when she went, a girl, to some village church and thought through the tranquil, sleepy afternoon-service of the life that was just beginning gaily for her then, and is ending very gently for her now.

A very old man, with very white hair, very blue eyes, and comfortable old cheeks like a ruddy winter apple, comes in with his stick just as the reading is finishing, takes his allotted chair quite close to the harmonium and observes, with a great deal of superfluous cheerfulness, that he's missed the Word of God again, and so he has. Tim, being a centenarian, is regarded as in some sort a celebrity, so that when he announces to Miss Mary, as he always does, that he's a hundred year old and don't ail nothing as he can think on, Swivel-Eye is understood to mutter jealously, as he don't believe Old Hundert's (Tim is always thus spoken of, as if he were a psalm,) a day more nor eighty. Tim sits very contentedly through some more hymns, and says presently in his simple old voice, and in answer to a question, that this is a good place, this is, and thankee, Mum, and I'd as lief be here as anywhere. On the utterance of which heresy, Mike's widow, from the fire, says with great good humour, "Then the divil take you for it, Timmy." Miss Mary says "Hush," and the singing proceeds. When they have had *Abide with Me* as an appropriate farewell, Swivel-Eye collects the books and Miss Mary gives Laura a pious tale out of her reticule, Laura receiving it with a perfectly good-humoured curtsey, not feeling it necessary to mention that she never reads anything, and probably never will. Mike's widow, with her unembarrassed hand on Miss Mary's little arm, says, "Now promise to come agin, on the sowl av ye," and winks a farewell. One elderly female member of the congregation is only roused from a deep doze by Laura's promise of tea. Swivel-Eye, who has been enormously full of importance, tidying up, accepts an old newspaper from the reticule with the observation that there ain't

many others in this place as has had eddication enough to read 'em, and goes out with the self-satisfied air of the person who has made himself very conspicuous indeed.

Miss Mary says "Good-bye" to some of the old patients in the beds. The highly-coloured Royal Family on the walls stand out from the dusk that is creeping everywhere. A pleasant smell of tea comes up from the kitchens. In the courtyard without, where the long evening shadows lie peacefully, Miss Mary's little pony-cart is driven up to the doorway, to the momentary and apathetic attention of the old weeder, and to an accompaniment of "Hulloa!" from the irrepressible Tommy, whose infant head appears for a moment round the play-room door, before he is drawn back by the shoulders and the governess. Miss Mary drives off with a little clatter, the noise of the pony's hoofs dying slowly away along the hard road, and goes back, to sit knitting quietly before her fire all the evening, and thinking perhaps, since she has neither past nor history of her own to think of, of the pasts and histories of the simple people she has seen to-day. The wretched girl in the workhouse kitchens puts away her bucket and soap, and anticipates tea with a dull kind of relief. The Matron settles down comfortably to that comfortable meal in her own quarters with a sympathetic friend, and dilates, with the greatest satisfaction to herself, on the trials of her position. The nursery fills with mothers, and the unwanted babies are, for a while, more or less quiet. A Methodistical person in one of the cottages, regarded as a Workhouse prize, lights her lamp, (the yellow light shining very pleasantly into the dull courtyard) puts on a pair of spectacles and reads the Bible, with a soul-satisfying sense of virtue. The

dining-hall is filled with men, also taking tea and not talking much, because everything there is to say in this place has been said a hundred times over and God knows how long ago. Nurse and a probationer toast their feet in front of Nurse's fire, and discuss the shortcomings of the Matron rather vivaciously. Laura, still brisk and cheerful, serves out tea in the Women's Infirmary. Old Hundert, from his wooden armchair, expresses himself like a prize pauper in a story-book, as having enjoyed of his tea and of the singing and *not* a-finding this place so uncomfortable, no how. The weeder has left the

courtyard empty. The lodge-porter is dozing. At one door a little group of casuals, the most hopeless and pitiable of this world's driftwood, awaits admission. The long highroad before the place and behind it is silent and lifeless. The weeping dahlias in the garden, planted by the woman who died, are indistinguishable. An unseen hand draws down, presently, the blinds of the bright Infirmary windows. The door is opened to admit the casuals and closed. A lamp standing in one last open casement is put out; and the clock strikes seven.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

TO A BLACKBIRD IN MAY.

ON, first and foremost of the waking birds,
That in the yet unbroken dark of dawn
Liftest alone thy strong reiterant cry,
Unchallenged monarch of the morning air,—
Pause a brief moment, bright relentless bird,
But for a moment, in thy lyric joy,
That so the teeming things intangible,
Amidst thy golden tumult brought, may find
The consolation sweet of phantasy
Ere they shall settle into thought and tears.
Unbidden visitants, with silence shod,
That on the abstraction of the mind intrude,
Gently disturbing, as the soft sad clouds
That steal across the summer's dreaming blue:
Meetings and partings—an unspoken word—
A waving hand—a look that said *Too late*—
A smile that lives for ever—a murmured name—
The farewell of unfathomable eyes—
A deep last sigh drawn in the dead of night—
The loss, the gain, the glory, the grief of life—
The starlight hope of immortality:—
These be the burden of thy melody,
Voice in the darkness that foregoes the day!

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

THE GOORKHA SOLDIER.

(AS AN ENEMY AND AS A FRIEND.)

OF the many warlike races who contribute contingents to the Imperial Army of British India none are more highly esteemed for courage and fidelity than the Goorkhas; and the fact that they serve the Queen-Empress under altogether exceptional conditions renders their personality yet more interesting.

Nepaul, the home of the Goorkhas, is an independent country, and for many years the soldiers who served in our Goorkha regiments did so much against the desire of their rulers, running, in fact, great risks in leaving their native country, and sometimes even losing their lives in the attempt. The name Nepaul, which belongs properly to a small valley only, is that given by custom to the whole dominion of the Goorkhas; a territory some five hundred miles in length, with an average breadth of one hundred and twenty miles, situated between the central and southern Himalayan ranges, and including also the southward slopes of the southern range, with a narrow strip of level country at the foot, known as the Terai.

The men generally enlisted for the Goorkha regiments of our Army belong to the Gurung and Magar tribes. These tribes, who are of Tartar origin, invaded Nepaul during the eighteenth century, succeeding about the year 1768 in asserting their sway over the whole country. Their descendants, who may be described as the true Goorkhas, are only to be found in three small districts of Nepaul, called Lumjoon, Kaskee, and Goorkha, and

distinctly show their Tartar origin in their features. They are almost invariably strong and stout-limbed, though small; but their hearts, says one who knows them well, are as large as their frames are short and tough. The third tribe held in high repute as soldiers are the Khas, a powerful tribe of Brahman descent who early established themselves in the north-west of the Nepaul valley and, associating themselves with the Gurungs and Magars, became the most powerful faction in the country. The Khas, however, though holding the highest position in Nepaul, rank after the Gurungs and Magars as soldiers in the estimation of English officers.

The Goorkha has been well described as "a smart little gem of a soldier, with a sparkle of unassuming swagger about him, which is quite in keeping with his brave independent spirit."¹ General Sale Hill, who served for many years in Goorkha regiments, speaks thus of them:

As compared with other Orientals the Goorkhas are bold, enduring, frank, very independent and self-reliant. From the warlike qualities of their forefathers and the traditions handed down to them as the conquerors of Nepaul, they are imbued with and cherish the true military spirit. Their compact and sturdy build, powerful muscular development, keen sight, acute hearing and hereditary education as sportsmen, eminently capacitate them for the duties of Light Infantry soldiers on the mountain-side. Lastly, the bravery

¹ THE HINDU KOH; by General McIntyre, V.C.

displayed by them in their contests with the British affords ample proof of the dogged tenacity with which they can encounter danger and hardship.

Our early relations with the Court of Khatmandu were of an unfriendly character, in consequence of sundry aggressive actions on the part of the Nepaulese Government against neighbouring States which were tributary to, or protected by, the British Government. No sooner had our dominions come into close contact with the borders of Nepaul than constant causes of offence arose, which eventually brought about the war of 1814-16, whence came our first real knowledge of the Goorkha, and happily produced a strong mutual liking between ourselves and our brave and determined enemies.

Without tracing in too minute detail our various causes of quarrel with the Court of Khatmandu, it is interesting to note that even before the final conquest of Nepaul by the Goorkhas, the East India Company had endeavoured to control events in that country. The Nawab of Moorsshedabad desired to interfere in 1762 on behalf of the reigning Rajpoot dynasty, then struggling against the Goorkhas; but his army was decisively beaten by the invaders whose troops had been armed and disciplined after the English fashion of that date.

A few years later, in 1767, a similar attempt was made by the British Government which despatched a force into the hill country under the command of Major Kinloch. He advanced into the hills in the month of October, much too early in the year, and, with a force of insufficient strength to enable him to keep open his communications with his base, marched directly towards Khatmandu. The autumn rains were still falling, and Kinloch's force was consequently

checked by an unfordable river when within a short distance of the capital, and a further fall of rain destroyed a bridge and raft which he had caused to be made. The delay exhausted the supplies of the British force and produced sickness; and finally Kinloch was obliged to relinquish his attempt and return to his starting-point early in December, 1767, the time of year at which he should have begun his march.

In the following year Prithi Narayan Sah, the Goorkha Chief, became the undisputed ruler of Nepaul, and to him is due the credit of the military efficiency of the Nepaulese army. Prithi Narayan Sah died in 1771, and his son and successor, Singh, Partab, in 1775; the latter was succeeded in turn by his son Ran Bahadur who, being a minor, reigned under the guardianship of his uncle, Bahadur Sah, a younger son of Prithi Narayan Sah. During the regency of Bahadur Sah Nepaul was invaded by the Chinese, and, at the request of the Regent, Captain William Kirkpatrick was despatched by the Indian Government to negotiate with the invaders. Fearing, however, lest the British might take advantage of their position as intermediaries, the Nepaulese hastily patched up a peace with the Chinese before the arrival of Kirkpatrick, who was consequently placed in a somewhat false position when he reached Nepaul.

Kirkpatrick, a member of the adventurous family from which the Empress Eugenie is descended, was a man of great ability, and found means to establish cordial relations between the governments of Calcutta and Khatmandu; his narrative of his mission was for many years our sole source of information concerning Nepaul.

In 1795 Raja Ran Bahadur came

of age and forcibly destroyed the influence of his uncle, the Regent. Ran Bahadur proved a cruel and tyrannical sovereign and it would appear indeed that he eventually went mad, for it was he who performed the extraordinary and sacrilegious act of destroying the gods of his country by the fire of his artillery. This event occurred in the year 1805, and was not unnaturally followed by the assassination of the Raja in an affray in which nearly the whole royal family perished. His infant son was with difficulty saved from the massacre, and placed on the throne under the regency of a chief named Bhim Sen Thapa. The Regent, a man of considerable talent and of war-like propensities, embarked on a course of territorial aggrandisement which eventually embroiled him with the British Government. The tide of conquest carried the Goorkha arms westward as far as the river Sutlej, and, from the year 1807 onwards, the action of various officers of the Nepaulese Government, directed against British territory, or against that of the allies or tributaries of the British Government, gave us constant grounds for complaint. Sometimes the Court of Khatmandu marked its apparent dissatisfaction with the proceedings of its officers by their removal or suspension; at other times it justified and upheld their conduct on the plea that it was directed to the re-occupation of territory which had originally belonged to Nepaul, or to chiefs whom the Goorkhas had subdued. In fact, the Goorkha methods of 1809 were identical with the Russian methods of to-day.

After much forbearance Lord Hastings's Government was compelled, late in the year 1814, to declare war against Nepaul, and after due consideration it was considered advisable to enter the country by the valley of the river Kali, or Gogra, which then

divided it nearly in two, and to operate both eastward and westward. It is obvious that the invading force was thus compelled to divide its strength, and this course was held to be desirable on account of the difficulty of carrying supplies along any one line for a large body of troops. Four separate divisions were therefore formed, amounting in all to nearly twenty-two thousand men, with sixty-seven pieces of ordnance. Considerable reinforcements of regular troops from India, besides irregular troops and native contingents, joined the first and second divisions during the war, bringing the total number employed up to thirty-four thousand men.

To oppose this formidable army the Goorkhas could muster, in the beginning of the war, no more than twelve thousand regular troops, which the nature of our attack compelled them to disperse along their frontier. A few forts strongly situated, but in other respects far from formidable, commanded the chief passes into the country. The main strength of the Goorkhas lay in the high spirit of the Government, the courage and devotion of the troops, and the difficult nature of the scene of operations, while they were also aided by the inexperience of the British-Indian army of that day in mountain warfare.¹

The duties of the four invading columns were thus detailed: the first division, under Ochterlony, was to attack the western frontier of Nepaul; the second, under Gillespie, was to occupy Dehra Doon, a valley above the outer range of the Himalayas, and to besiege Jytak, the principal Goorkha fortress in Kumaon; the third, under Wood, was to march on

¹ Most of the facts connected with the Goorkha war are derived from a book called *FIVE YEARS IN NEPAUL* by Captain Thomas Smith, Assistant Political Resident in Nepaul from 1841 to 1845.

Palpa ; and the fourth and strongest division was to march direct on Khatmandu, the Goorkha capital.

The ball was opened by the gallant Gillespie, a hardy and enterprising soldier who soon found a foeman worthy of his steel. The second division advanced from Saharunpore, its place of assembly, and, having reached the Doon on October 22nd, took up a position about five miles distant from the fort of Kalunga. This fort was situated on an isolated hill about five or six hundred feet high, covered with jungle and in most places very steep. There was a tableland on the summit of the hill, some twelve hundred yards in length, at the southern and highest extremity of which stood the fort, the wall being still incomplete and of no great height. The Goorkha commander, whose name is justly famous to this day, was a chief named Bhalbudr Singh, and the garrison under his command was between three and four hundred men only. On October 23rd a feeble attempt to assault the fort was made by the colonel in temporary command of the Division, and on the subsequent arrival of General Gillespie, the matter was taken seriously in hand ; the tableland was occupied, six guns and four howitzers carried up on elephants, and batteries constructed for them. On the morning of October 31st all was ready and a simultaneous assault by four columns of adequate strength, with a strong general reserve, was ordered. At nine a.m. the signal for assault was given, but by some mistake was only complied with by one column supported by the reserve. This force captured the out-lying defences of Kalunga and advanced to the walls of the fort, but there was brought to a halt and suffered very heavy losses both in officers and men.

General Gillespie, seeing the failure

of the assault, now personally brought up a reinforcement of three companies of the 53rd regiment, but was shot dead when within thirty yards of the gate of the fort. It being impossible to force an entrance, Colonel Carpenter, the senior surviving officer, then ordered a retirement. The loss of the division in this disastrous affair was very heavy ; besides the General, four other officers were killed and fifteen wounded, some mortally ; twenty-seven rank and file were killed and two hundred and thirteen wounded. The defence of the Goorkhas was most gallant, and the women in the fort were seen to take an active part in it, exposing themselves fearlessly.

After this repulse the British troops lay before Kalunga inactive until the arrival of the battering-train from Delhi, when active operations were renewed on November 25th. By mid-day on the 27th a large breach had been effected in the wall, and a sally of the garrison was repulsed with loss.

Colonel Mawby, who now commanded, ordered a storm, which was gallantly led by Major Ingleby of the 53rd regiment. The storming-party advanced to the breach, and were there exposed to a heavy fire from the garrison, under which both men and officers suffered severely. A gallant episode of the assault was contributed by Lieutenant Luxford of the Horse Artillery who brought a gun up to the breach in order to destroy the interior defences of the enemy, and was there mortally wounded. Finally the assault again failed, with a loss of eleven officers and four hundred and seventy-eight rank and file killed and wounded, a number considerably exceeding the original strength of the garrison. On the following day the fort was rendered absolutely untenable by artillery-fire, whereupon the gallant

Bhalbudr Singh, with the seventy survivors of his band, cut his way through the besieging force and effected his escape. It is stated that he and his men subsequently entered the service of Maharaja Runjit Singh, who was always most anxious to obtain the services of Goorkha soldiers, and that they perished to a man in the wars waged between the Sikhs and Afghans.

The defence of Kalunga was a most gallant exploit, and was marred by no savage excesses on the part of the defenders. On the contrary, the Goorkhas not only fought the English troops honourably and fairly, but in the intervals of fighting displayed a manly confidence and a chivalrous courtesy altogether unusual in the East. Far from insulting the dead or maltreating the wounded, they left them untouched until they could be carried away, and, in return, they solicited and obtained surgical aid from our officers. The misfortunes of the second Division did not end with the assaults on Kalunga; in an attempt to capture the survivors of the garrison, and a body of some three hundred troops with whom they had joined hands, another disastrous action took place, in which four hundred British troops were nearly annihilated. Among those who fell on this occasion was Lieutenant Thackeray, a cousin of the novelist.

The operations of the first Division under that brave and capable veteran, Major-General Sir David Ochterlony, were simultaneous with those of the second, but were conducted in a very different manner. Ochterlony was aware that in Amar Singh he had opposed to him the best of the Goorkha commanders; and, having crossed the plains from Loodiana, his base of operations, his advance on Amar Singh's position on the western frontier of the newly-con-

quered territory of Nepal was judiciously slow and cautious. Leaving the plains and entering the outer ranges of the Himalayas, Sir David reached the fort of Nalaghur, about twenty-five miles west of the present site of Simla, on the day of General Gillespie's death at Kalunga. By November 5th the wall of the fort had been breached and the garrison forced to surrender. Establishing a supply-depot in the captured post, Ochterlony advanced against the second Goorkha position of Ramghur, which he found to be too strong to be carried by a frontal attack, and therefore decided to turn. By the end of November Ochterlony had seized a point of vantage from which he hoped to threaten the Goorkha left, but it proved to be too distant for effective artillery fire, and an attempt to seize closer ground was repulsed with the loss of an officer and seventy-five Sepoys. On the following day the Nepaulese, in accordance with their honourable habit, allowed us to remove and bury our dead.

Sir David continued to reconnoitre the ground about the Ramghur position very carefully, and was about to assault it when two items of news reached him; the first being that of the second repulse at Kalunga, and the second being the despatch of reinforcements. He decided therefore to await the arrival of the latter, employing the time in improving his communications with points in rear of the Goorkha position. Having been reinforced late in the month of December, Ochterlony seized a ridge about half a mile in the rear of the Goorkha left. The garrison of a stockaded work near this ridge now evacuated it, and it was occupied at once by our troops under command of Colonel Thompson, a determined attempt to re-capture it being defeated with heavy

loss. The Goorkhas had nearly three hundred killed and wounded, while our casualties were twelve rank and file killed and fifty wounded. This was our first marked success in the war, and was also the first occasion on which our troops acted on the defensive.

The Goorkha commander, finding his left threatened and his line of communications on that flank cut, quickly moved the troops forming his left wing, prolonging his line of defence to his right, and forming a new front also towards Colonel Thompson's force which now occupied the ground abandoned by him on his left. By this prompt and skilful movement Amar Singh deprived Ochterlony of all the advantage gained by his first success, for it was found that Colonel Thompson's force could not attack the new position on account of the nature of the intervening ground.

So the year 1814 ended, without great advantage to either side in this portion of the frontier, while the second Division had conspicuously failed in all that it had attempted and had lost nearly a third of its strength, and the third and fourth Divisions had done practically nothing.

It may readily be imagined that this unfavourable result had a disastrous effect on public opinion in the independent kingdoms of India. Runjit Singh, ever ready to seize an opportunity, massed the Punjab army about Lahore; Amir Khan, the Pathan soldier of fortune, who was at that time master of a formidable force of mercenaries, collected his battalions and made ambiguous offers of service from a point near Agra; the Mahratta princes of Western India assumed a threatening attitude; and it became evident to the Marquess of Hastings that the Goorkha defence must speedily be crushed.

Nor was the campaign of 1814 without its valuable lessons to our

army. It had learned that the impetuous assaults which had carried it to an almost unbroken series of victories from the days of Clive, led but to disaster in an unexplored mountain country held by a brave enemy with the experience of some fifty years of continuous hill-fighting. The army had learned also to feel implicit confidence in General Ochterlony, whose strategical skill soon gave him an advantage over the troops opposed to him, well handled though the latter were.

Finding that the Ramghur position could not be captured without the risk of heavy loss, the English General now turned his attention to intercepting the supplies of the Goorkha force; and on January 16th, 1815, he moved in person, with the Reserve, to a point which cut off Ramghur from Bilaspur, the principal Goorkha source of supply. This movement had an immediate success. Amar Singh was compelled to evacuate Ramghur, and took up a third position on a range called the Malaun Range, distant about twenty miles from Simla. By the end of March the General had reduced and occupied all the forts in his own rear, and having thus cleared his communications, was enabled to concentrate his energies on the attack of the Malaun position.

To preserve the sequence of events, it must here be mentioned—that, in February, 1815, Lord Hastings, who was Commander-in-Chief as well as Governor-General, had determined to make a diversion in favour of his eastern and western attacking forces (which were four hundred miles apart) by engaging the Goorkhas in Kumaon with Rohilla levies. This diversion was successful; the town and fort of Almora were captured, and a convention was signed on April 27th, by which the province of Kumaon was surrendered to the British.

Meanwhile General Martindell, who had succeeded Gillespie, was still besieging Jytak, and Ochterlony was continuing his arduous campaign on those mountain heights about Simla, now familiar to so many English men and women. At an elevation of five thousand feet, in the most inclement season of the year, amid falls of snow, his pioneers blasted rocks and opened roads for the two eighteen-pounder guns, and men and elephants dragged them up the heights.¹ Ochterlony's energy kindled the utmost enthusiasm in his force, but neither their high courage nor the military talents of their General won an easy victory for the English army. On April 14th Ochterlony made a night attack on Amar Singh's position and carried two points of vantage, and on the following day the Goorkha Commander found himself confined to the mountain fort of Malaun, hemmed in in a confined space, and unable to move to either flank. Quite undaunted Amar Singh attacked Ochterlony on April 16th with his whole force, and, after a desperate fight was defeated with the loss of his best general and five hundred men killed. The British loss was sixty-four killed and two hundred and ninety-two wounded. Ochterlony now closed on Malaun, the chief work of the Goorkha position; but it was not until May 15th, when a practicable breach had been made, that Amar Singh surrendered. The British General took possession of the fort but allowed Amar Singh to march out with the arms, colours, and personal property of himself and his brave troops in admiration of their determined defence of their native country.

The convention of April 27th not having been followed by a complete

submission on the part of the Goorkha Government, preparations were made during the hot weather for an advance on Khatmandu in the autumn. It would appear that this operation was averted by a request for peace, a treaty being actually signed on November 28th and ratified at Calcutta on December 9th. This treaty was, however, repudiated by the Goorkha Government and Ochterlony was again ordered to take the field, this time in command of an overwhelming force of twenty thousand men, including three English regiments.

Ochterlony advanced early in February, 1816, and on the 14th of that month by a very daring and skilful movement turned the Goorkhas' position with such complete success that they fled northward without striking a blow. Continuing his advance Ochterlony seized the village of Magwampur, about twenty miles from the capital. Here he was furiously attacked, but repulsed the enemy with the loss of all their guns and eight hundred men. A British brigade which had made a separate advance on the right flank of the main body was also attacked at Hariharpur, and also defeated its assailants with heavy loss. The Court of Nepaul was now dismayed and hurriedly surrendered, to avert the imminent occupation of their capital.

Thus ended our long and costly war with the Goorkhas, entered upon by no wish of ours, though rendered inevitable by the aggressive policy of the Court of Khatmandu. It may truthfully be said that England had found in the rugged highlanders of Nepaul the bravest and most chivalrous enemies encountered by her in the East; she was henceforth to find in them steadfast friends and allies, and a rich recruiting-ground for the most valuable of her foreign soldiers.

¹ See the article on Sir David Ochterlony by Colonel Vetch, C.B., R.E., in THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

For his services in this war Sir David Ochterlony received from the Crown a baronetcy and the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, while the East India Company bestowed on him a special pension of £1,000 per annum. Sir David's place as a commander is a high one, for none have had to contend with a braver enemy, and few have waged war in a more difficult country. Against such an enemy and in such country Ochterlony was completely successful, and that with a relatively small loss of life. He may justly claim to be the father of mountain-warfare in our Army.

On the temporary cessation of hostilities in 1815 four battalions were formed from disbanded Nepaulese troops, each having a strength of fourteen hundred and thirty of all ranks. The first of these, known as the Sirmoor battalion, was formed at Nahun; two others, known as the first and second Nusseeree battalions, were formed at Sabathu, and the fourth was raised in Kumaon from troops who came over to our side at the close of the campaign. As it would be impossible to do justice in a few pages to the services of the Goorkha battalions of the Indian Army an attempt will be made to sketch the history of the Sirmoor battalion only¹ during the first forty-five years of its existence, concluding with its memorable performances at the siege of Delhi.

Within six months of the formation of the Sirmoor battalion at Nahun, it was reported fit for active service by its gallant commander, Lieutenant Young, and immediately received orders to join a force at Seetapore which was about to take part in the fresh invasion of Nepal which had been rendered necessary by the con-

duct of the Government of that country. This was a striking proof of confidence in the newly raised corps. The question of whether or not the little highlanders could actually be trusted to invade their own country was however not put to the proof, owing to the surrender of the Nepaulese Government; but Lieutenant Young is said to have expressed and felt the utmost confidence in the loyalty of his men to their new employers.

In 1818 the Sirmoor battalion served under Sir David Ochterlony in the Mahratta campaign, and in 1825 two hundred picked men were sent to take part in the siege of Bhurtapore where, under the command of Lieutenant John Fisher, they displayed the utmost gallantry and associated on the most friendly terms with Her Majesty's 59th regiment. On the morning after the storming of the breach, the Goorkhas, who had shared in the glorious charge of the grenadiers of the 59th, were heard to say,—“The Europeans are brave as lions; they are splendid soldiers and very nearly equal to us.”¹

For twenty years after this event the history of the battalion was uneventful; but at the close of the year 1845 the threatening aspect of affairs in the Punjab caused the assembly of an army on our northern frontier, and the battalion speedily found itself placed in a precarious position. Owing to circumstances which need not here be dilated on, a force of nine thousand Sikhs with seventeen guns slipped past the English army on January 4th, 1846, and was about to capture the cantonment and city of Loodiana, which were defended only by the

¹ The grenadiers of the 59th stormed the breach at Bhurtapore to the inspiring strains of *The British Grenadiers*, a warlike episode which has had a recent echo in the charge of the Gordon Highlanders to the music of their pipes at Dargai.

¹ Now the Second, or Prince of Wales's Own Goorkhas.

Sirmoor battalion and two hundred men of the Patiala Horse. The bold front shown by the Goorkhas, who were admirably handled by their commanding officer Captain John Fisher, and a lack of determination on the part of the Sikh leader, resulted in the latter relinquishing his design and falling back before his pigmy enemy. This striking achievement was followed by gallant services at the battles of Aliwal and Sobraon. In the latter battle the Sirmoor battalion lost their gallant and beloved commanding officer, Captain Fisher, and had one hundred and forty-five soldiers killed and wounded out of six hundred and ten who went into action; their loss at Aliwal was fifty killed and wounded.

Eleven years later came the great Mutiny of the Bengal Army which roughly separated the wheat from the tares, and permanently gave the Goorkha that high place in the estimation of all soldiers which he has since retained.

At noon on May 14th, 1857, the Sirmoor battalion was directed to march without delay from Deyra Doon, its permanent head-quarters, to the disturbed district of Bulundshur. The order was obeyed with the utmost promptitude, the battalion marching four hours after its receipt, taking with them neither tents nor baggage. The men had no more clothing nor necessities than they carried on their backs, sixty rounds of ammunition in their pouches, and two elephant-loads of spare cartridges. Roorkee, the head-quarters of the Bengal Engineers, was distant about forty miles from Deyra Doon, and having a free hand, Major Reid,¹ the commanding officer of the Sirmoor battalion, decided to push on as rapidly as possible to that station. In spite of the great heat, which they felt nearly, or quite as

severely as Europeans, the little Goorkhas arrived within three miles of Roorkee early on the morning of May 16th. The cool-headed soldier Baird Smith, who had been left in charge at Roorkee, now came to the conclusion that the entry of the Goorkhas into the station would probably precipitate a catastrophe which they would be unable to avert, and at his request, Major Reid changed his direction and marched straight to the Ganges canal, where Baird Smith had prepared boats to convey the Goorkhas towards Meerut and Bulundshur. To account to the mutinous Sappers for his approach to their cantonment, Major Reid affected to have lost his way, and asked for a guide to the canal. His change of direction was, of course, immediately made known to the Sappers, who had not actually broken into rebellion at Roorkee, though they had refused to obey orders, and happily all went well.

Before embarking in the boats, Major Reid found means to give his men a much-needed meal, and while thus engaged saw several of the mutinous Sappers moving about among the Goorkhas and talking earnestly to them. Presently Major Reid called two of his men and asked them what the Sappers had said to them. "One little fellow," writes Sir Charles Reid, "replied: 'They wanted to know if we were going to Meerut to eat the *otta* (flour) sent up especially by the Governor General; they said that the *otta* at Meerut was nothing but ground bullock-bones.'" The reply of the Goorkha must have delighted the heart of his commanding officer. "I said," quoth he, "the regiment is going wherever it is ordered; we obey the bugle-call."

Going on his way in Baird Smith's boats, forty-five in number, Reid and his Goorkhas reached Meerut, where he was met by an officer, sent by

¹ Now General Sir Charles Reid, G.C.B.

General Hewitt, ordering him to proceed with all haste to Bulundshur to try to save the treasure at that station. Pushing on accordingly Reid reached by the canal-route the village of Bhola on the morning of May 20th, and there found immense quantities of Government property, which had been plundered from the canal-station; he also found miles of stolen telegraph wire, and last, not least, Government despatches torn up. Eighteen prisoners were taken, in whose houses some of the stolen property was found stored, and after trial, thirteen of them were shot. Five of the thirteen were Brahmans, co-religionists, that is, of the Goorkhas; a final and convincing proof of the unquestioning loyalty of the latter. Some critics have blamed Major Reid's conduct on this occasion, but the time for mercy had not yet come: rebellion was spreading fast on every side; and, in addition to the stolen property, another discovery had been made, that of the body of a murdered Englishwoman sunk in one of the locks of the canal.

For about a fortnight after this incident the Sirmoor battalion was busily engaged in reducing the Bulundshur district to order, marching incessantly in terrific heat and performing most valuable services in restoring communications with Calcutta, which, although warmly appreciated and acknowledged by Canning and Lawrence, have perhaps failed to obtain due recognition from historians on account of the more conspicuous feats of arms which the Goorkhas were soon destined to perform. On June 7th they reached Alipore and joined the army under Sir Henry Barnard, the second short-lived Commander-in-Chief of the Mutiny. The force, entirely composed of Europeans, was marching on Delhi, and, in the temper of the moment, received the dusky reinforcement by no means

warmly. The Goorkhas were indeed regarded with a suspicion which was very discouraging after the gallantry and loyalty which they had displayed; the shots fired by them in Bulundshur had marked the beginning of field-operations against the rebels, and now to be distrusted was a poor reward. All this, however, was immediately to be changed, and no later than on the following day.

On June 8th the English army and the Sirmoor battalion, marching from Alipore, found the enemy in force at a place called Budli-ka-Serai, and after a sharp and brief action the mutineers were defeated with a loss of thirteen guns. At about one o'clock the force reached the position in front of Delhi, where the majority of them were destined to find their graves, and to Major Reid and the Sirmoor battalion was entrusted the right section of the outpost line on the now historical Ridge; to them indeed was committed the key of the British position, the step in Sir Henry Barnard's mind from extreme caution to absolute confidence being in the highest degree brief.

A few words of description of Delhi and of the British position before it, may serve to explain the extreme importance of the ground entrusted to Major Reid and his men.

The city of Delhi was surrounded by fortifications about seven miles in circumference, of which about two miles form the eastern, or river, front and are covered by the Jumna; the remaining five miles are distributed in unequal distances between the northern, western and southern land fronts. The northern front extends from the Moira, or Water bastion, which is washed at its base by the waters of the Jumna, to the Shah or Mori bastion a distance of rather less than one mile; and it was on this front only that the British force was

ever strong enough to operate. Only one seventh part, therefore, of the *enceinte* was even partially invested, while on the remaining six-sevenths the garrison had free ingress and egress. The siege of Delhi was, in fact, no more a siege in the strict sense of the word than was the siege of Sebastopol. The ground occupied by the British camp before Delhi was known as the Parade Ground, and was distant about a mile and a half from the northern front of the fortifications, and protected from the artillery of the enemy by the rocky eminence of the Ridge.

The Ridge was composed principally of quartz rock; its aspect was bare and rugged, and its utmost height above the level of the site of the city did not exceed eighty or ninety feet. Incomparably the most important position on the Ridge was that known as Hindoo Rao's house. This consisted of a large modern building with many out-houses, formerly occupied by Maharaja Hindoo Rao, a Mahratta nobleman related to the reigning family of Gwalior; the house stood about twelve hundred yards from the Mori bastion, the north-western corner, so to say, of the city of Delhi, and was consequently well within effective artillery-fire. Hindoo Rao's house formed Major Reid's head-quarters throughout the siege, and it may here be said that, from the day of the arrival of the British force before Delhi until the day, nearly three and a half months later, when he fell wounded in the assault on the city, Major Reid never once quitted his position save when advancing to meet the enemy and to repel his many attacks. This extreme vigilance on the part of Major Reid was supported by the constant alertness of his gallant little Goorkhas, who again received prompt assistance

from the wing of the 60th Rifles and the other troops which were placed under Major Reid's orders, or despatched from time to time to support him.

Although the rebel troops in Delhi did not possess a leader with the military knowledge that would have quickly made our position untenable by cutting the communications of our force with the Punjab, they yet did not fail to appreciate the importance of Major Reid's position, as was shown by their repeated attempts to capture it. The first attack occurred within two hours of the occupation of Hindoo Rao's house, and was so gallantly repulsed by the Goorkhas that they were cheered by every English soldier who witnessed their feat of arms. The Sirmoor battalion was, as has been mentioned, the only native regiment at this time with the Delhi force, and every eye was naturally upon them.

On the following day the Guides arrived at Delhi after their famous march from the Punjab, and the infantry portion of the corps was placed under Major Reid's orders. It was principally composed of Sikhs and Punjabees, but had a Goorkha company one hundred strong. Of this company not more than twenty men were left at the end of the siege.

Without tracing in detail the exploits of the Sirmoor battalion throughout their memorable three and a half months on the Delhi Ridge, some idea of what they did there may be derived from the simple statement that between June 8th, 1857, the day of their arrival, and September 14th, the day of the assault, the small force under Major Reid's orders repulsed no less than twenty-six determined assaults made on their position by large bodies of troops, whose numbers indeed would

have overwhelmed so small a force but for its own high quality and the skill and energy with which it was handled. According to the estimate of Sir Archdale Wilson, the defenders of Delhi numbered fully forty thousand regular soldiers, trained by ourselves; and this large force could concentrate its attention on the defence of the northern front only of the city. It will therefore be readily imagined that the outpost line, so constantly attacked by an enemy whose numbers enabled him to disregard his own losses, was not held without heavy sacrifices. The Sirmoor battalion had eight English officers killed and wounded out of nine who served with it during the siege, and three hundred and twenty-seven men killed or wounded out of four hundred and ninety. The casualties of Major Reid's supporting troops were also very heavy, the 60th Rifles having four hundred and one casualties out of a strength of seven hundred and ten, and the Corps of Guides three hundred and eighteen casualties out of six hundred and ten.

Few English generals, who have conducted a successful operation of war, have had harder things said of them than Sir Archdale Wilson, and it is therefore pleasant to note in him the possession of at least one good quality of a commander, a warm appreciation of the services of his subordinates. Thus we find him writing in an official dispatch on August 13th, 1857: "I have no words to express my admiration of the endurance and gallantry displayed throughout this long period by Major Reid and the officers and men who have served under him. With the aid of Her Majesty's 60th Rifles, his own regiment (the Sirmoor Battalion) assisted by reliefs from the Guide Corps of Infantry, the 4th Sikhs, and the 1st Punjab Infantry, this officer has

sustained and defeated twenty-four separate attacks upon his position up to the 6th instant, and from that day to the present a constant worrying attack night and day, by both infantry and artillery." To this honourable testimony may be added the words of Colonel (now General Sir Henry) Norman in his narrative of the siege. After stating that Major Reid and his troops had the task of defending all our heavy batteries, Colonel Norman continues: "The house in which he resided with his Corps was within perfect range of nearly all the enemy's heavy guns, and was riddled through and through with shot and shell."

How little the nerves of Major Reid and his Goorkhas were affected by this arduous service is illustrated by the manner in which they repelled the attacks made on their position. The fate of the sortie made on June 15th is best related in Major Reid's own words.¹

I was attacked this morning in great force, some six thousand infantry and cavalry. The rascals had the impudence to bring out a couple of nine-pounders. I made all my arrangements for the defence of the picquets, and then went out with all available troops to attack the enemy as they came over the hill. I had six companies of my own regiment and two guns of Scott's battery. I accordingly took up a position and waited for the mutineers to advance. On they came and planted a green standard on the hill, within a hundred paces of me. This was more than I could stand. I gave the word *forward*; our little fellows were up like a shot, and advanced in beautiful order to the top of the hill. By way of bringing the enemy on, I sounded the *retreat*, having previously warned my men what I was going to do. It had the desired effect; on came the mutineers and we met just as I got over the brow of the hill. I gave them one well directed volley, and then ordered my guns to open. This sent them to the right about; about fifty were killed and a great number wounded.

¹ From General Sir Charles Reid's unpublished NOTES AND LETTERS.

Here was indeed the perfection of discipline and of mutual confidence between commander and men ; and the fate of this particular sortie differed but in detail from that of the other twenty-five.

This brief record of the services of the Sirmoor battalion at Delhi may fitly close with a statement of the soldierly devotion of the Goorkhas at the final assault on the city. On the day before the assault Major Reid went to the hospital where about one hundred and fifty wounded men remained, the worst cases having been sent away. He told his men that he was to command the fourth column on the following day, and that he would like some of them to join him if they could do so. Every man sprang to his feet, or attempted to do so, although many bore open wounds upon them. One hundred and five of these wounded Goorkhas joined in the assault next day, and forty of them were killed. Comment is needless, but it is easy to understand the enthusiastic admiration which leads their English officers to declare that Goorkhas are the finest soldiers the world can show.

The first battalion of the 2nd (Prince of Wales's Own) Goorkhas' most recent service took place in the Tirah Campaign of last year. Between October 18th and December 14th the battalion was in action thirty times, and on eighteen of those occasions fought a rear-guard action. Between the above dates there were only four days during which they were not under fire. The casualties in the battalion were one hundred and twenty-two killed and wounded, the proportion of killed being very high, as was generally the case during this campaign. The officers, both British

and native, highly distinguished themselves, and their losses were terribly severe. Three more gallant regimental officers than the late Major Judge, Captain Robinson, and Lieutenant Wylie of the 2nd Goorkhas could be found in no unit of the Tirah Field Force, and this is no mean word of praise. It is an interesting fact that the gallant Colonel Eaton Travers, who commanded the battalion in Tirah, is the son of a brave and promising officer who fell at Delhi while serving with the 2nd Goorkhas.

We have now seen the Goorkha soldier as an enemy and as a friend, and worthy of all honour in both capacities. It has already been said that it was formerly a very difficult matter to obtain sufficient recruits of the desired classes for the small number of Goorkha regiments then in the Indian Army, but this difficulty has greatly diminished of late years. Officers commanding Goorkha regiments are said to be quite satisfied with the quality of their recruits, and in things military it is certainly sufficient to judge by results. History is said to be untrustworthy, but it is ever our custom to display our short-comings to the world. When an English general fails to satisfy all expectations, when a section of our Army appears in any way to have fallen short of the national standard, none so ready as we to proclaim the fact from the housetops. As therefore the history, formal and informal, of all recent wars has nothing but good to tell of the Goorkha soldier, we may fairly assume that he is to-day as he was in the past, stout of heart, sturdy of frame, a keen sportsman, and an unrivalled fighting-man.

HUGH PEARSE.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

WE have been requested by Mr. Laird Clowes to publish the following letter, with reference to the article ON AN AMERICAN HISTORIAN OF THE BRITISH NAVY in our Number for May.

To the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an article entitled AN AMERICAN HISTORIAN OF THE BRITISH NAVY in Macmillan's Magazine for May.

In that article you review a history of THE NAVAL WAR OF 1812, which was written many years ago by an American friend of mine, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt; and you admit that in that history Mr. Roosevelt is "more fair not only than his own countrymen, but than our own James," and that "he is incomparably more candid than his predecessors in America had been." At the same time you point out certain statements of Mr. Roosevelt which you, referring with approval to Mr. H. Y. Powell's researches on the subject, assume, rightly or wrongly, to be incorrect. I have no desire to challenge your views upon that score. It is even probable that the best intentioned and most laborious historian, in the course of a narrative of the events of three years, will make numerous mistakes. Moreover, the defence of what Mr. Roosevelt wrote nearly twenty years ago is, in any case, not my business. Possibly he would not now care to defend all of it himself.

But I find that, although you "have not the least wish in the world to quarrel with Mr. Roosevelt," and although you "cheerfully allow that his book contains much useful information, and many shrewd remarks, that it is by comparison fair," and so on, you have a quarrel with me. You mention, on the first page of your article, a book upon which I have long been engaged, and which is not yet completed, THE ROYAL NAVY, A HISTORY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT, by William Laird Clowes; and you say, quite correctly that, among other gentlemen who are assisting me in the

preparation of that book (of which two volumes only out of five have yet been published) is Mr. Roosevelt, my distinguished American friend. Not only do you object to my having applied to Mr. Roosevelt to help me in the preparation of a history intended for British readers; but you even go so far as to suggest to British readers that they shall not purchase my history for the reason that Mr. Roosevelt, "who is more fair than our own James," is to write, in a forthcoming volume of it, about the War of 1812.

I venture to remind you, sir, that, no matter what Mr. Roosevelt may have written or may henceforth write, nothing from his pen, or from that of any other writer, will appear in my book, THE ROYAL NAVY, without having received my approval; and that I alone am responsible for everything that the book contains and will contain. I applied to Mr. Roosevelt to furnish me with the story of the War of 1812 because he has already written what, with all its faults, is still the best work on that subject, and because he has since devoted his mature attention to the same matter; but, although I have very great confidence in him, both as a diligent and careful student and as a man of scrupulous honour, I do not accept, either from him or from my English colleagues, any statements or conclusions unless I have good reasons of my own for believing them to be accurate. I am responsible, I repeat, for the whole book.

This being so, and seeing that you have formulated no objections whatsoever against the two volumes which have already appeared, and that you obviously are in no position to criticise what has still to be published, may I ask you to allow me to beg your readers to suspend their judgment, and not to condemn my work unseen, merely because I am being assisted in part of it by an American friend?

I may add that you are mistaken in saying that my other American assistant, Captain Mahan, will write of "the great operations of the naval wars in a part of the eighteenth century in which his coun-

try had no share." On the contrary, Captain Mahan writes (subject always to the conditions which I have already noted) of the major operations of the War of American Revolution, including the Campaign on the Great Lakes.

Far from regretting having asked these two distinguished Americans to co-operate with me, I congratulate myself more than ever, since I have read their work, upon having done so. I see in that work so very little that an Englishman, even the most patriotic, could truthfully clothe in more acceptable words, and so very much that a modest Englishman would hesitate to put put in terms so laudatory, that I believe that, when the completed result is before my readers and yours, and when it is evident, from my annotations, what the real share of these gentlemen is in the whole, my action will be vindicated, and will be generally approved of.

Yet, be that as it may, wait, I beg of you; and, in the meantime be so good as to give publicity in Macmillan's Magazine to this letter.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WM. LAIRD CLOWES.

Davos, Switzerland,
May 14th, 1898.

We have great pleasure in printing Mr. Clowes's letter, but on one or two passages in it we have, in justice to our contributor, a few remarks of our own to make.

Mr. Clowes (unconsciously, of course) has somewhat misrepresented the grounds of our contributor's objections to Mr. Roosevelt as a historian of the British Navy; nor indeed has he even quoted his words quite accurately, thereby giving them (in pure oversight, we doubt not) a complexion slightly different from their own, as will be seen by a comparison between our quotations and Mr. Clowes's.

It was admitted that, "*on the whole Mr. Roosevelt is relatively fair, more fair not only than his own countrymen, but than our own James,*" and that in his "*comparisons of the respective force of the ships engaged*" he is "*incomparably more candid than his predecessors in America had*

been." No objection was taken to Mr. Roosevelt "as a writer for Americans and in America:" it was taken to "his appearance in the list of contributors to a history of the Royal Navy;" and it was taken both on the general grounds that it was not becoming to go to a foreigner "to write for us on the achievements of our fathers," and also on the particular ground that Mr. Roosevelt's previous work, with all its merits, was not of a nature to allow Englishmen to accept him as a candid historian of their Navy. "A nation which has any self-respect," it was said, "writes its own history. It reads foreigners on the subject, when they happen to be competent, with profit, but it does not apply to them." And then our contributor went on to remind his readers how well Don Cesareo Duro has written of the Great Armada, and how well Admiral Jurien de la Gravière has written of the French Revolutionary War. "Yet their place is to write for Spain, and for France, and though it is our place to study them, they are not to speak for us. Neither ought Mr. Roosevelt, be his ability and impartiality what they may. The ability we do not dispute; but concerning his impartiality there is something to be said which ought to give Englishmen a particular, as well as general, reason for protesting against being called upon to go to him for their naval history." The remainder of the article is mainly occupied with instances of Mr. Roosevelt's unfitness to be accepted by Englishmen as a historian of English naval affairs; and these instances are most inadequately described by Mr. Clowes as "certain statements of Mr. Roosevelt which you, referring with approval to Mr. H. G. Powell's researches on the subject, assume rightly or wrongly to be incorrect." Through the most part of his article our con-

tributor makes no reference to Mr. Powell or his researches, in illustrating Mr. Roosevelt's misstatements of fact or inaccuracies of quotation. Only at the end he refers the reader to him (for one instance, out of many, of Mr. Roosevelt's partiality) on a matter in which the American historian expresses a wish for better authority than he has been able to find in James; and he shows where such authority could easily have been found, quite apart from Mr. Powell.

Again, Mr. Clowes writes: "You are mistaken in saying that my other American assistant, Captain Mahan, will write of 'the great operations of the naval wars in a part of the eighteenth century in which his country had no share.' On the contrary Captain Mahan writes (subject always to the conditions which I have already noted) of the major operations of the war of American Revolution, including the Campaign on the Great Lakes." Now, the period assigned to Captain Mahan in Mr. Clowes's general preface dates from 1763 to 1793. The war with our American Colonies lasted for eight out of those thirty years, from 1775 to 1783. During those eight years the only operations deserving the name of naval engagements (and they can hardly be called major ones) in which the Americans took any part, were the battle of Valcour Island on Lake Champlain, the destruction of the American fleet at Penobscott by Collier, and the action off the English coast between H.M. *Serapis* and the *Bon Homme Richard*, an old Indiaman purchased by the French for the occasion, manned by a nondescript crew (including some Malays) of which only one hundred were Americans, and commanded by a Scotchman, the notorious Paul Jones. As for the really great naval engage-

ments of those years,—between Keppel and D'Orvilliers off Ushant, between Rodney and De Langara off Cape St. Vincent, between Rodney and De Guichen to leeward and to windward of Martinique, between Parker and Zoutmann in the North Sea, between Hood and De Grasse off Martinique, between Graves and De Grasse off the Chesapeake, and again between Hood and De Grasse at the Basseterre of St. Kitts, between Rodney and De Grasse off Dominica, and the various actions between Hughes and Suffren in the East Indies—Mr. Clowes will hardly, we take it, claim that the Americans had any part in them. We submit, therefore, that our contributor, though his language might have been more precise, was not so seriously mistaken in assuming that Captain Mahan, in handling that period of our maritime history which lies between the years 1763 and 1793, would write of great naval operations in which his country had no share.

Mr. Clowes congratulates himself on having asked Mr. Roosevelt to co-operate with him; some of Mr. Roosevelt's countrymen are also pleased, but apparently from different motives. "A certain New York literary journal [we quote from Mr. Clowes's general preface] congratulated itself that Mr. Roosevelt might be trusted to reflect American opinion in its most unpromising form, and that I might live to be sorry for having secured the co-operation of that distinguished writer and administrator." Mr. Clowes "regrets this outburst," and no doubt with good reason. It would seem, however, that our contributor is not alone in his surprise at finding the American historian of *THE NAVAL WAR OF 1812* asked by an Englishman to contribute to a history of the British Navy.